

MARVEL
COMICS

X-MEN

2099

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

\$1.50 US
\$2.05 CAN
8
MAY
© 1994

A
STARTING
NEW
CHAPTER



-IN
MUTANT
HISTORY!

GHOST WINDS

IT'S
BEYOND
BELIEF!

HOW COULD THE
ARCHANGEL STILL
BE ALIVE AFTER ALL
THESE YEARS?

AND YET, TO BE THIS
CLOSE-- TO SEE THE
STRENGTH AND RESOLVE
ETCHED IN THAT FACE--

--AND THE
PRIDE AND PAIN
BURNED IN THOSE
EYES--

--HOW CAN I
DENY THE
POSSIBILITY?



Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

AN UNCANNY DAZE OF FUTURE PRESENT BROUGHT TO YOU BY
JOHN FRANCIS MOORE • RON LIM • JIM SANDERS III
WRITER PENCILER INKER
KEN LOPEZ • TOM SMITH • JOEY CAVALIERI
LETTERER COLORIST EDITOR
TOM DEFALCO, THE EDITOR IN CHIEF THAT TIME FORGOT



HOW MANY TIMES DID EACH OF XAVIER'S FIRST STUDENTS APPEAR TO DIE ONLY TO RETURN AGAIN AND AGAIN?

RECORDS OF THEIR DEATHS MAY HAVE BEEN IN ERROR OR EVEN FALSIFIED.

WORTHINGTON, GREY, SUMMERS, DRAKE, MCCOY. THEY WERE MORE THAN MERE SURVIVORS.

THEY WERE THE TEMPLATE UPON WHICH XI'AN BASED OUR GROUP--JUST AS DEL RUIZ AND ZHAO BASED THEIRS IN DECADES PAST.

THAT ONE OF THE FIRST MIGHT BE ALIVE IS TOO MUCH TO HOPE FOR.

PERHAPS I'VE MADE FAR MORE THAN I SHOULD OF A **SHADOW** SEEN BRIEFLY IN THE NIGHT.



AND DO YOU THINK WE'RE CHASING GHOSTS, VICTOR TEN EAGLES?

IF I DID, YOU WOULDN'T BE HERE, KRYSTALIN.

HOLD SEQUENCE DEACTIVATED



I OPEN MY STUDIO TO FEW PEOPLE, AND NEVER TO STRANGERS.

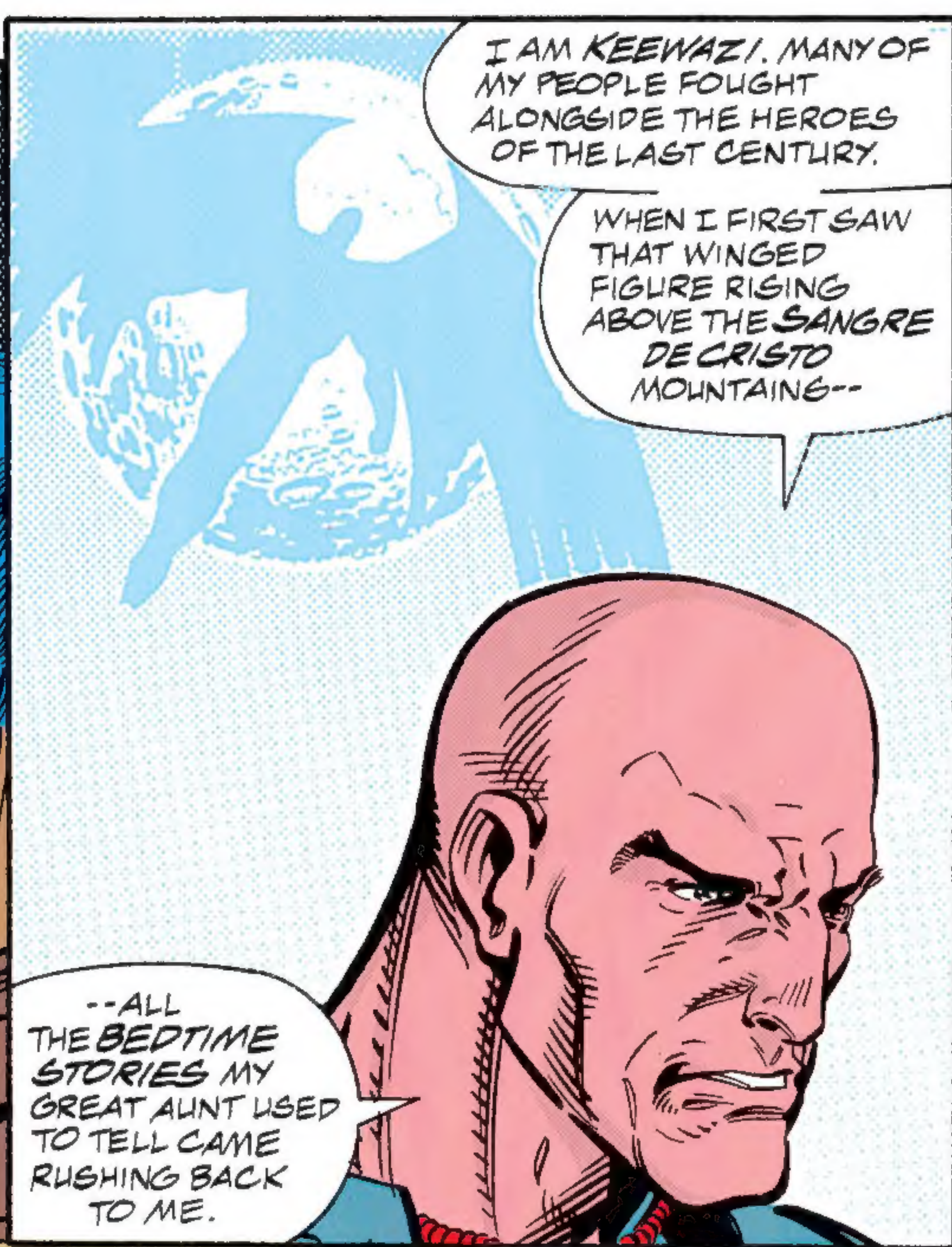
YOU'RE HERE BECAUSE I OWE XI'AN A BLOOD DEBT FROM OUR TIME WITH THE LAWLESS.

AND WHERE DOES A FORMER OUTLAW TURNED ARTIST GET SUCH PRISTINE HOLOS OF THE PAST?

I'VE SEEN PHOTOGRAPHS AND FILM, BUT NEVER 3D FOOTAGE OF THE X-MEN.

I SCAVENGED OLD SHIELD ARCHIVES. THEY KEPT ONE OF THE FIRST HOLOGRAPHIC DATABASES.

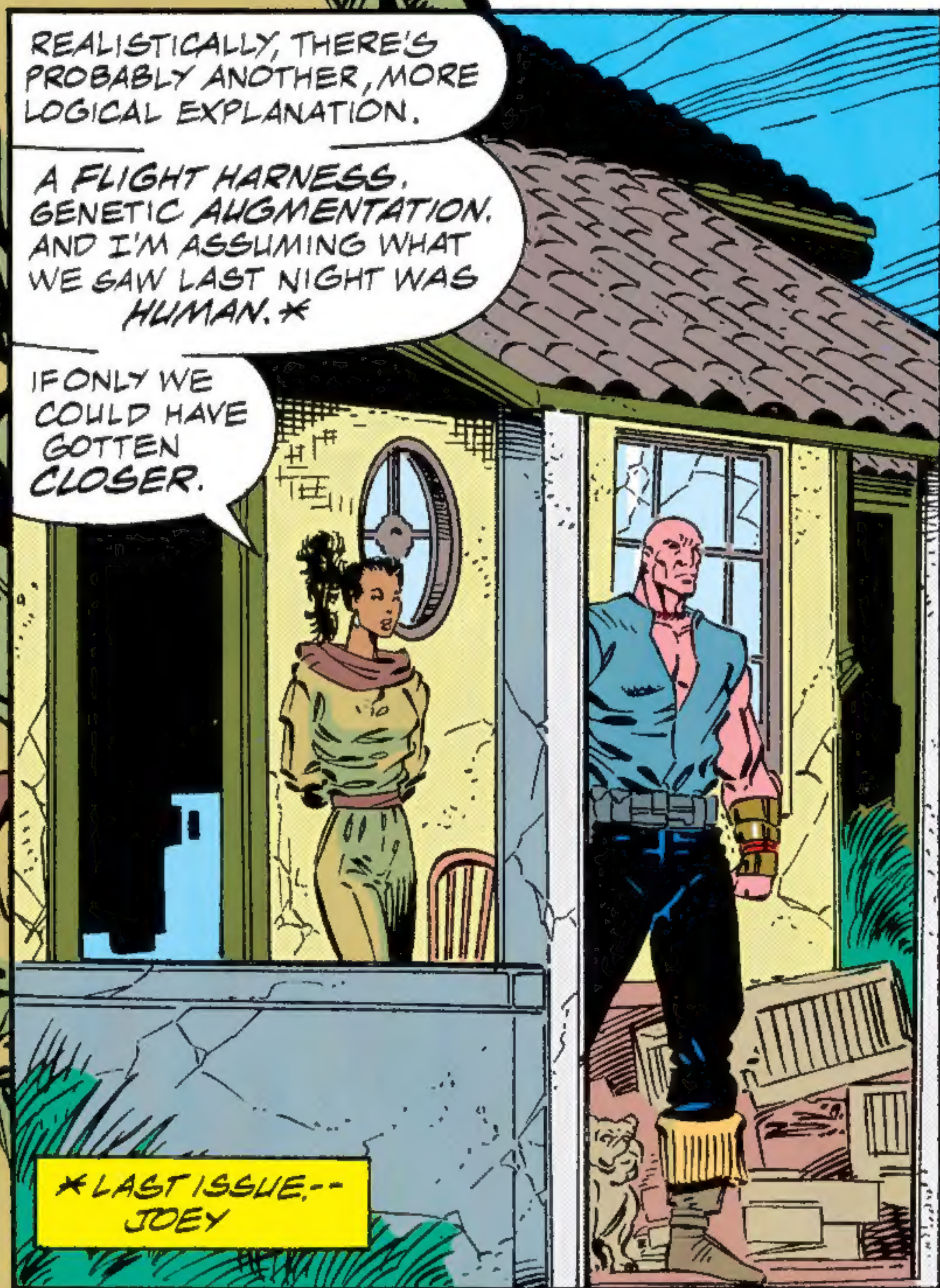
THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN YOUR INTEREST IN ALL OF THIS.



I AM KEEWAZI. MANY OF MY PEOPLE FOUGHT ALONGSIDE THE HEROES OF THE LAST CENTURY.

WHEN I FIRST SAW THAT WINGED FIGURE RISING ABOVE THE SANGRE DE CRISTO MOUNTAINS--

--ALL THE BEDTIME STORIES MY GREAT AUNT USED TO TELL CAME RUSHING BACK TO ME.

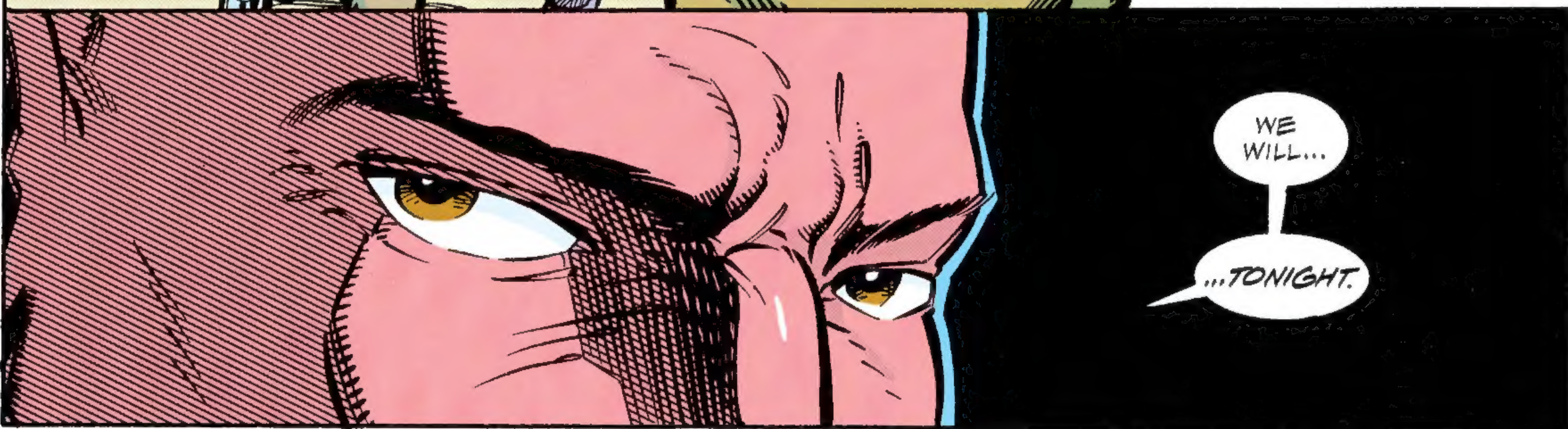


REALISTICALLY, THERE'S PROBABLY ANOTHER, MORE LOGICAL EXPLANATION.

A FLIGHT HARNESS. GENETIC AUGMENTATION. AND I'M ASSUMING WHAT WE SAW LAST NIGHT WAS HUMAN.*

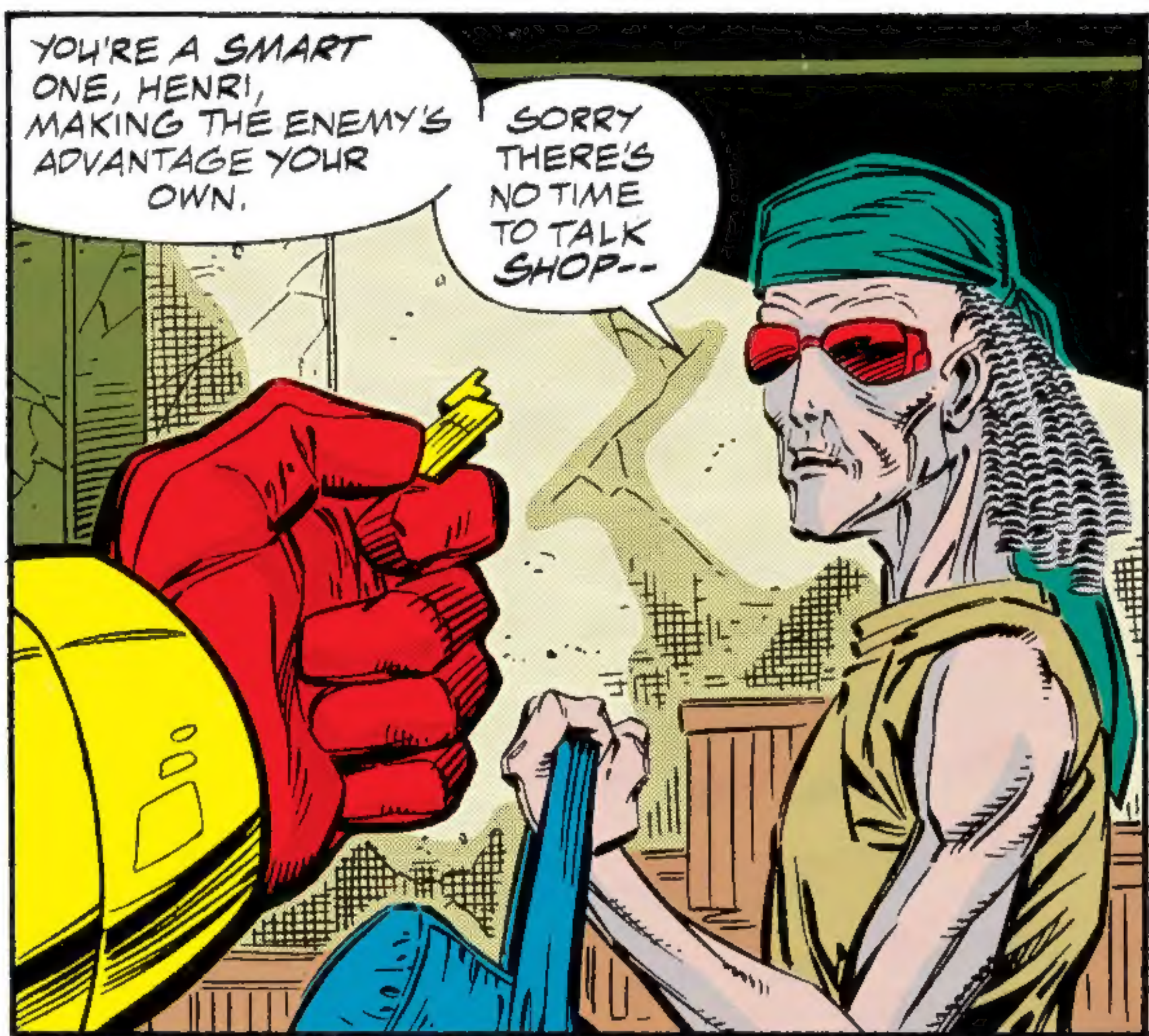
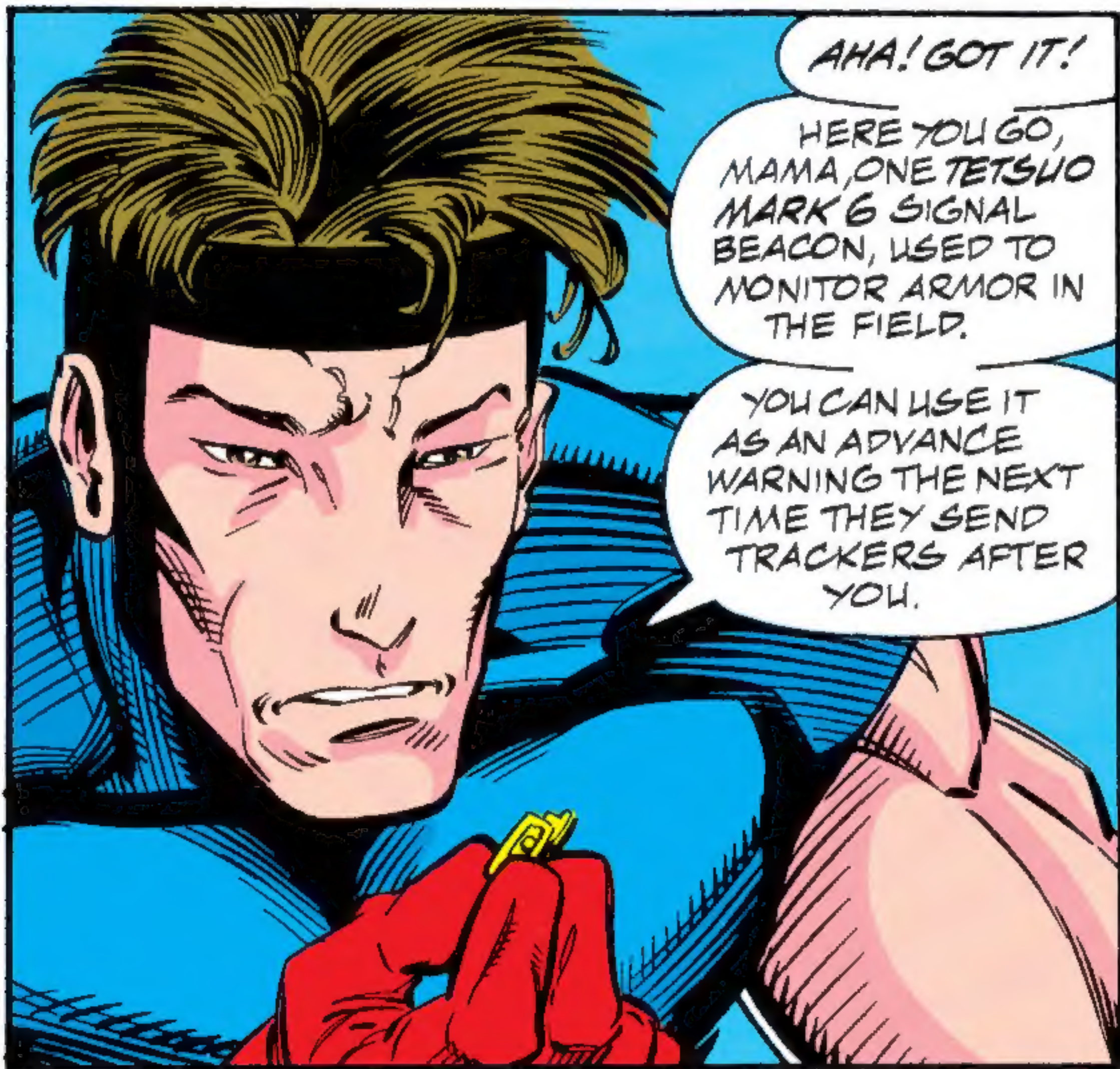
IF ONLY WE COULD HAVE GOTTEN CLOSER.

*LAST ISSUE,-- JOEY



WE WILL...

...TONIGHT.



--BUT ME AND THE FREAKSHOW NEVER STAY IN ONE PLACE TOO LONG.

IT WILL BE SAD TO LEAVE IRON HORSE, MAMA. IT WAS BEGINNING TO FEEL SAFE HERE.

JUST AS WELL THEN, TANTRUM. AIN'T NOTHING SECURE IN THIS WORLD.

WHEN ARE WE GOING TO STOP RUNNING, AND RETURN TO THE BIOSHOPS THAT SCARRED OUR BODIES AND WARPED OUR CHROMOSOMES?

LET'S MAKE EVERY MEDTECH, ADMINISTRATOR, AND EXECUTIVE CHOKE ON HIS OWN BLOOD.

WE MUST MAKE OUR OPPRESSORS FEAR US.

BREAKDOWN, YOUR OPPONENT'S CORPORATE RESOURCES FAR EXCEED YOUR OWN.

BETTER TO WAGE A WAR OF ATTRITION THAN TO FOOLISHLY ENDANGER YOUR OWN LIVES IN A SUICIDE GAMBIT.

FORGET IT, SHAKTI, YOU'RE TRYING TO REASON WITH A PSYCHOPATH...

PSYCHOPATH. HEE HEE.

YOUR MOUTH MOVES FASTER THAN YOUR MIND, X-MAN.

CARE TO TEST YOUR SPEED AGAINST MY TRANSMUTAGENIC TOUCH?

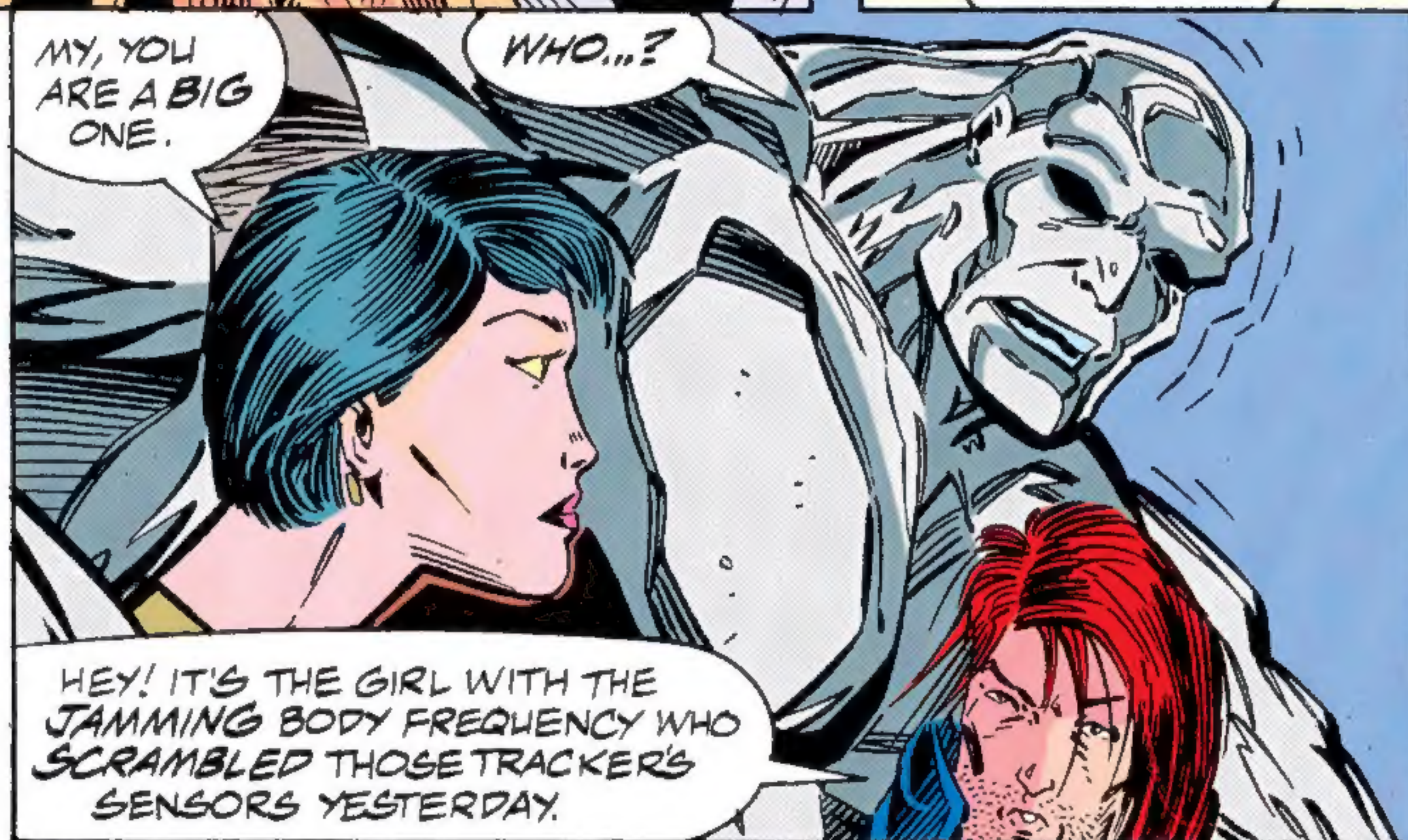
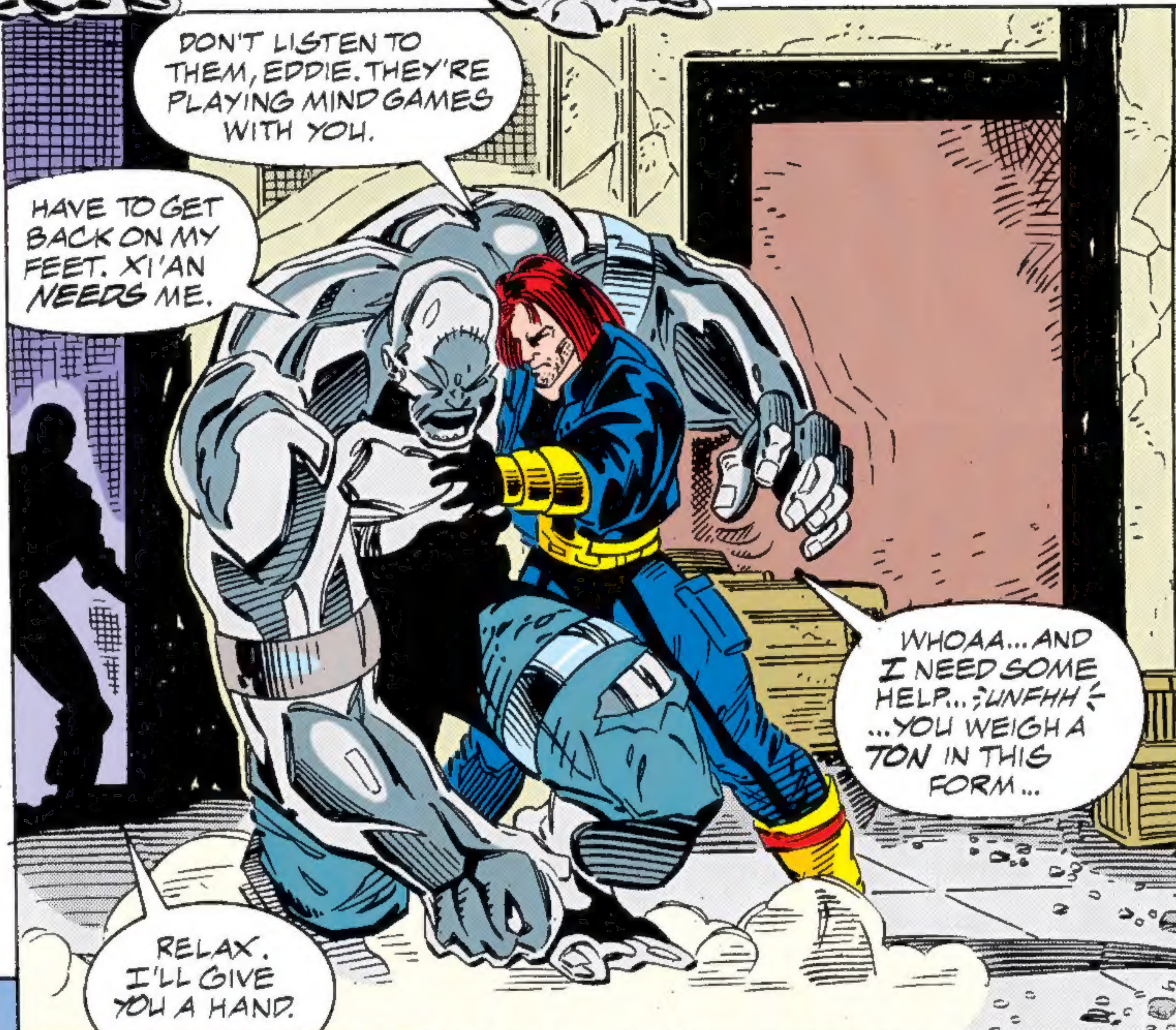
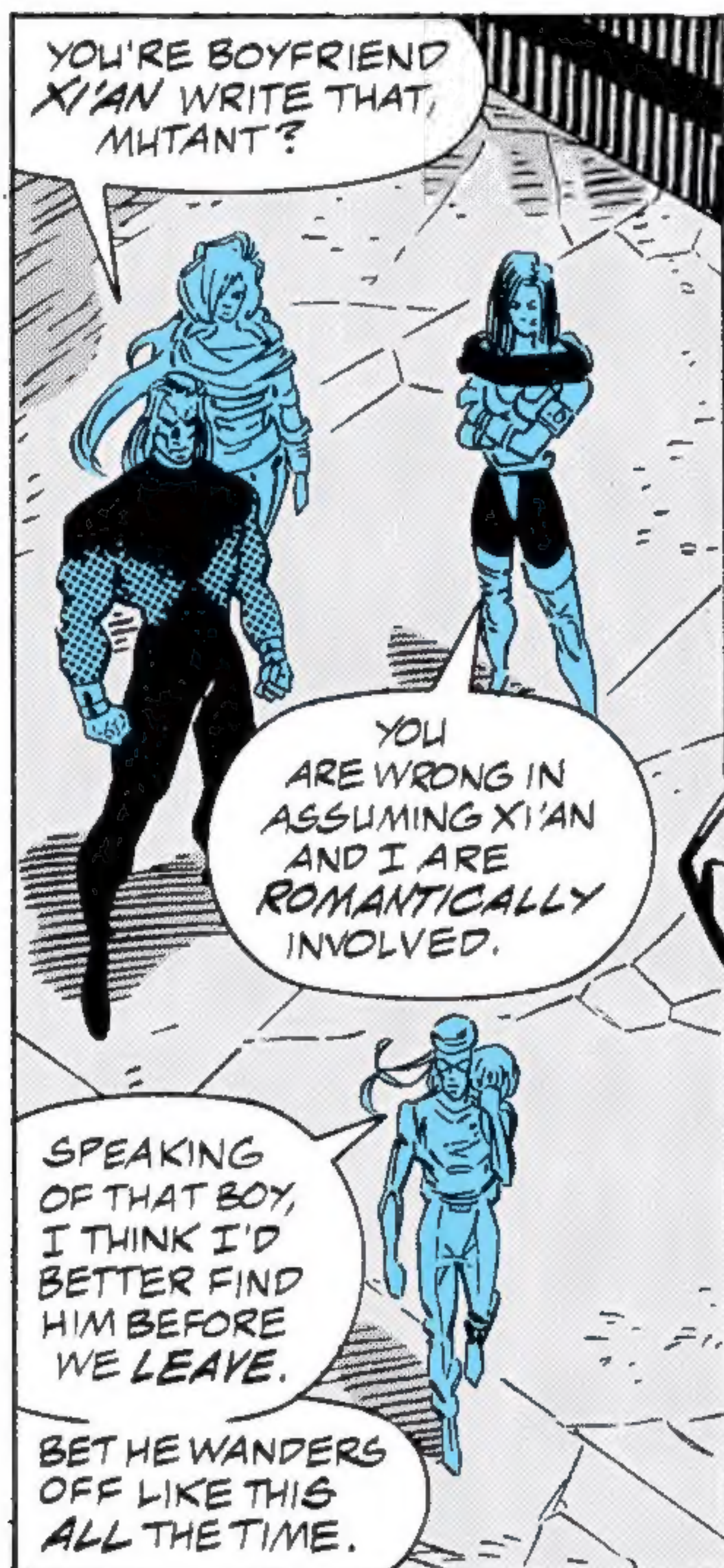
SAY THE WORD, BREAKDOWN.

COOL YOUR JETS, CHILDREN! NO USE FIGHTING AMONG OURSELVES.

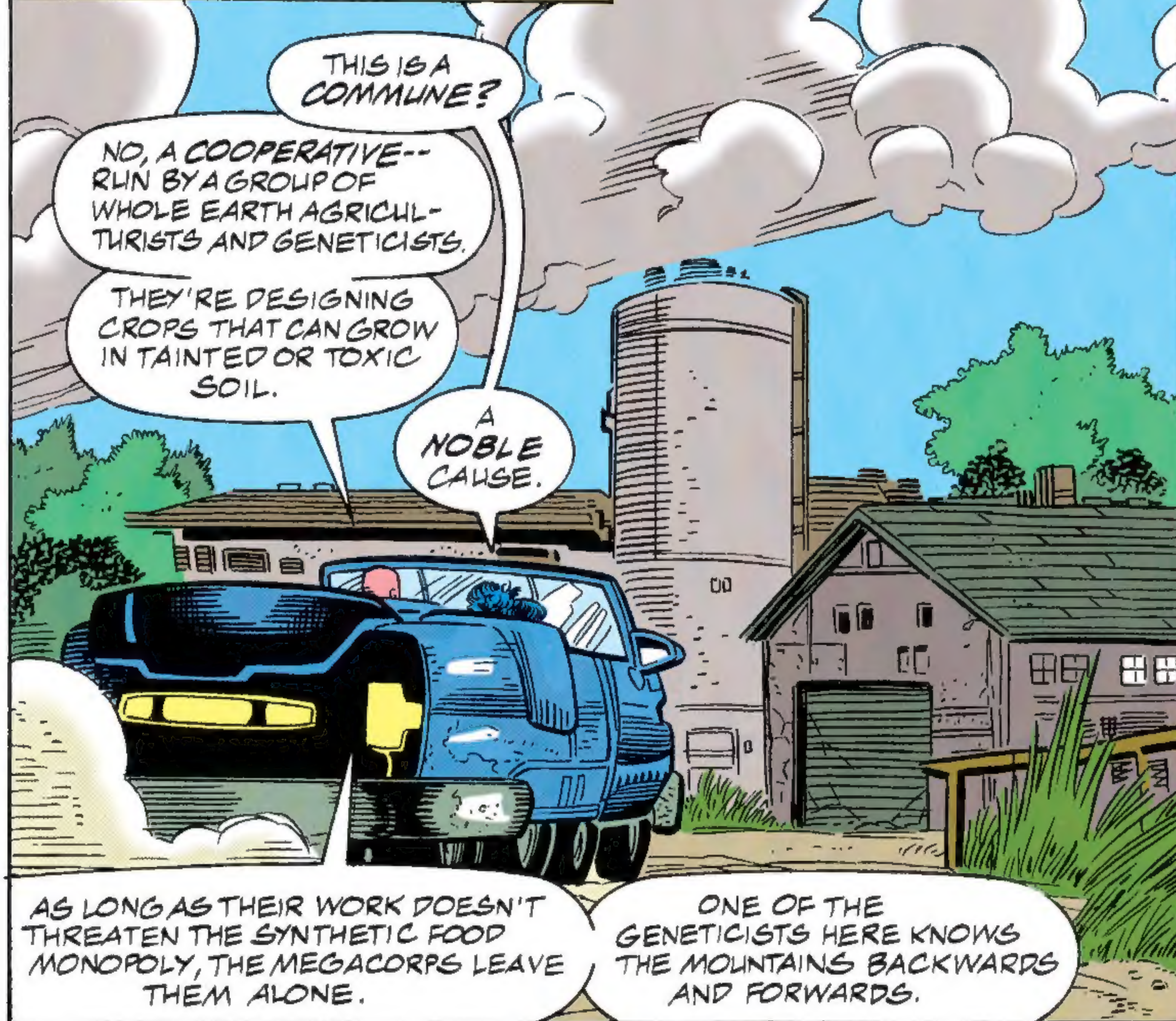
MAMA HURRICANE'S RIGHT. THIS CONSTANT BICKERING IS COUNTER-PRODUCTIVE.

DEGEN OR MUTANT, WE EACH SEEK ONLY A PLACE TO LIVE AS WE CHOOSE--

--WHERE WE WILL NOT BE HOUNDED BECAUSE OF OUR DIFFERENCES.



THE SUGAR MAGNOLIA AGRICULTURAL COOPERATIVE AND ORGANIC DEPOT, NEW MEXICO.



THIS IS A COMMUNE?

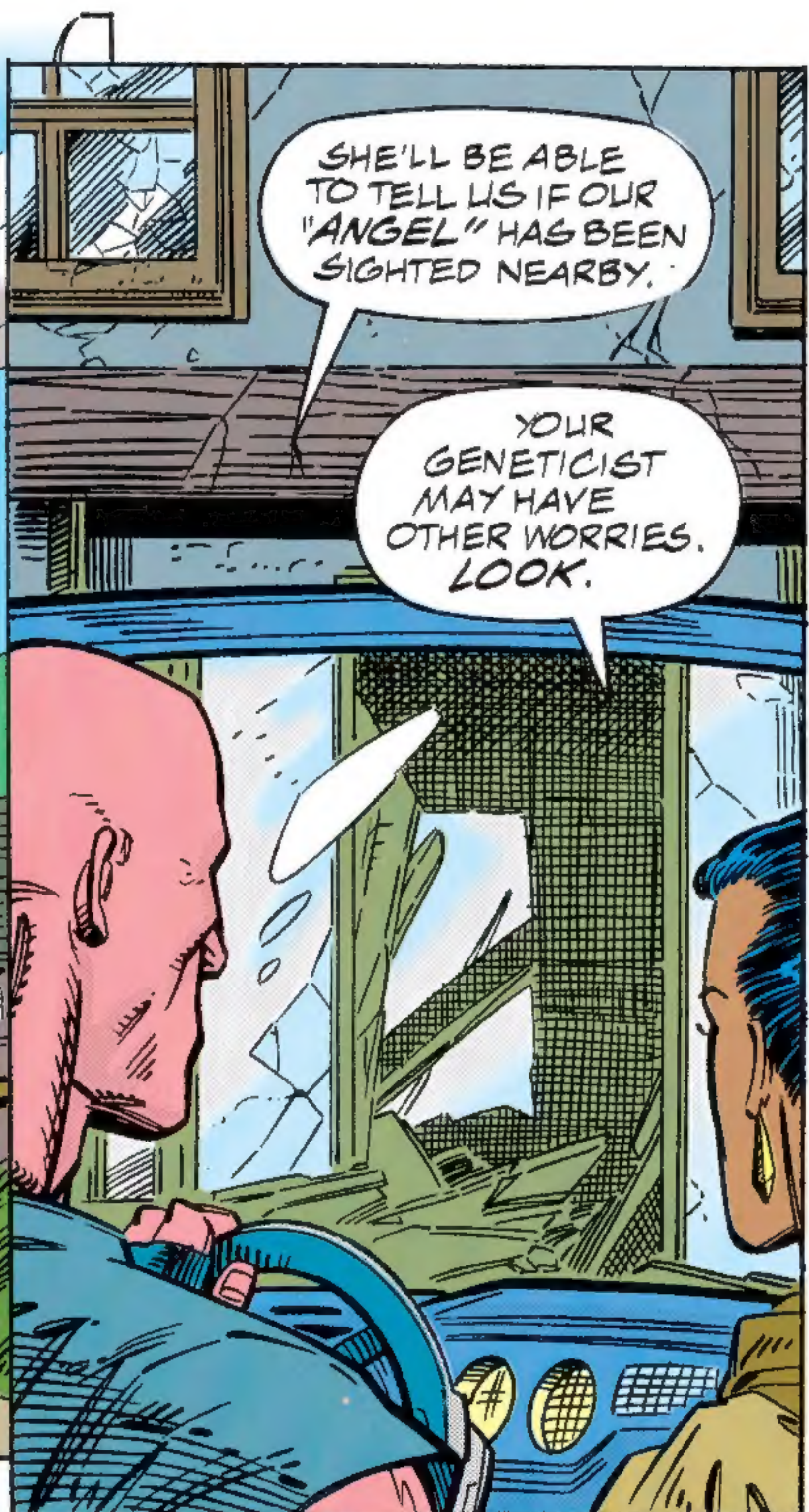
NO, A COOPERATIVE--
RUN BY A GROUP OF
WHOLE EARTH AGRICUL-
TURISTS AND GENETICISTS.

THEY'RE DESIGNING
CROPS THAT CAN GROW
IN TAINTED OR TOXIC
SOIL.

A
NOBLE
CAUSE.

AS LONG AS THEIR WORK DOESN'T
THREATEN THE SYNTHETIC FOOD
MONOPOLY, THE MEGACORPS LEAVE
THEM ALONE.

ONE OF THE
GENETICISTS HERE KNOWS
THE MOUNTAINS BACKWARDS
AND FORWARDS.

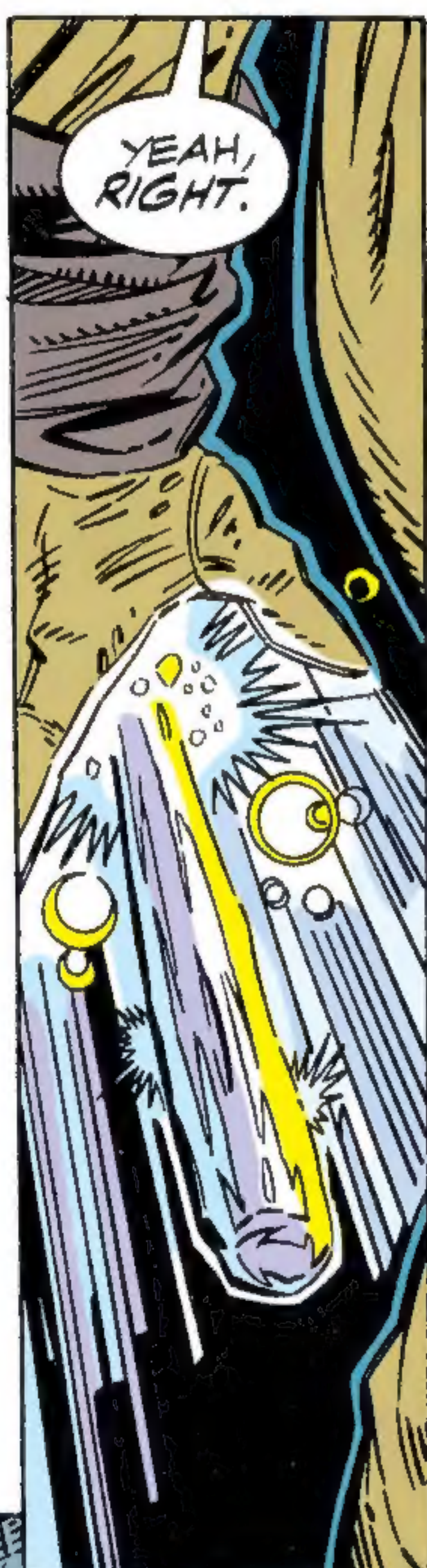


SHE'LL BE ABLE
TO TELL US IF OUR
"ANGEL" HAS BEEN
SIGHTED NEARBY.

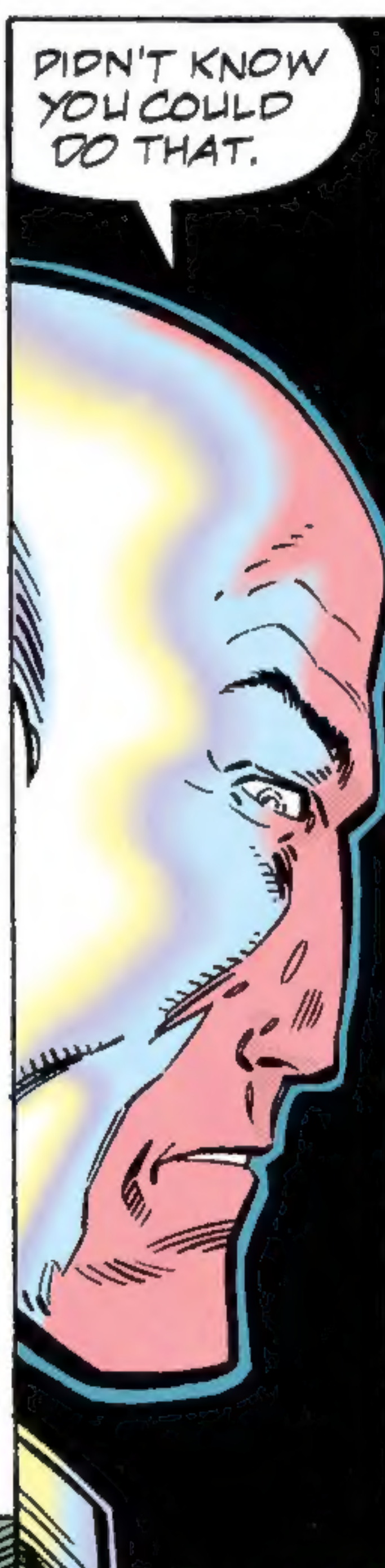
YOUR
GENETICIST
MAY HAVE
OTHER WORRIES.
LOOK.



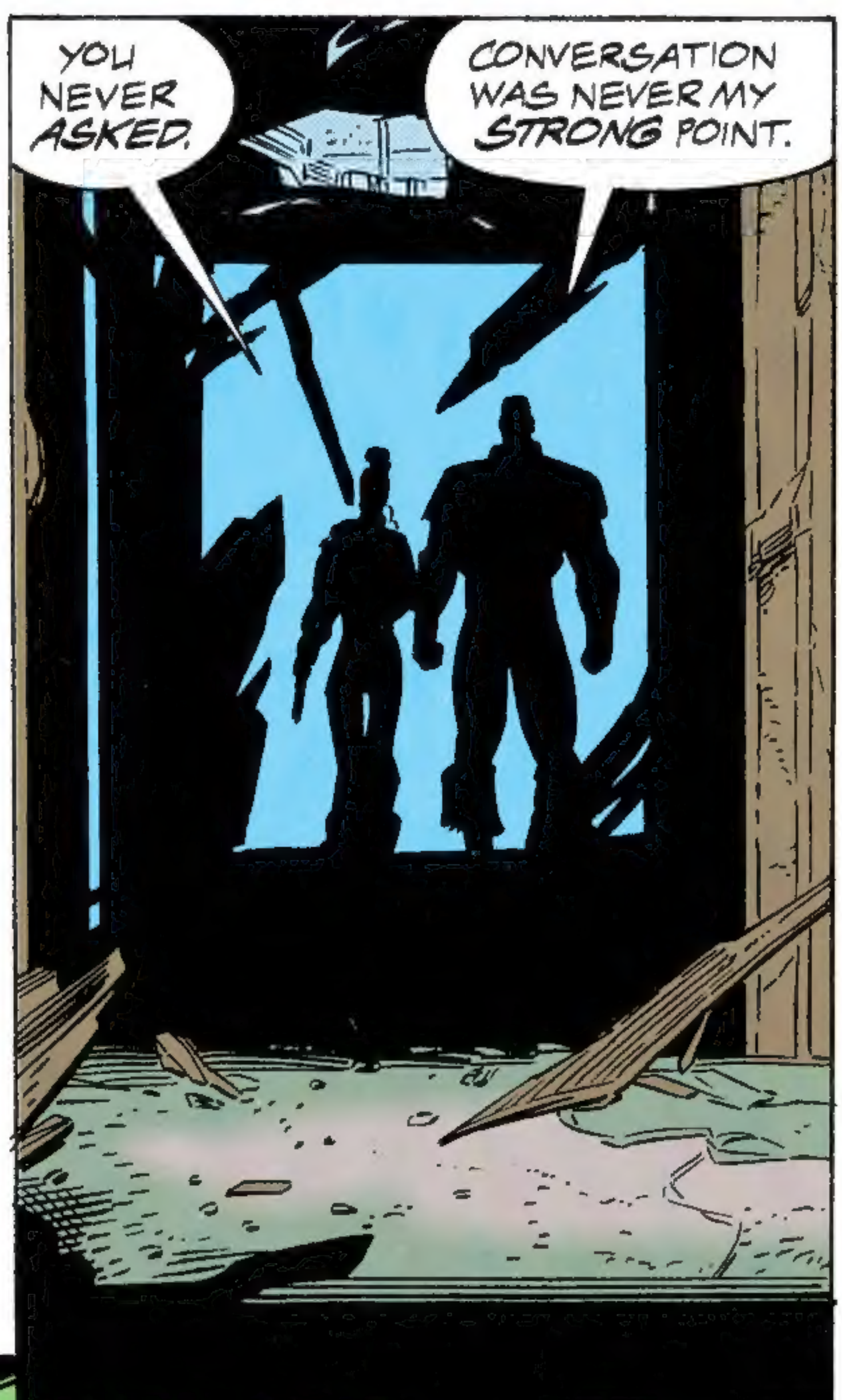
STAY
BEHIND
ME.



YEAH,
RIGHT.



DIDN'T KNOW
YOU COULD
DO THAT.



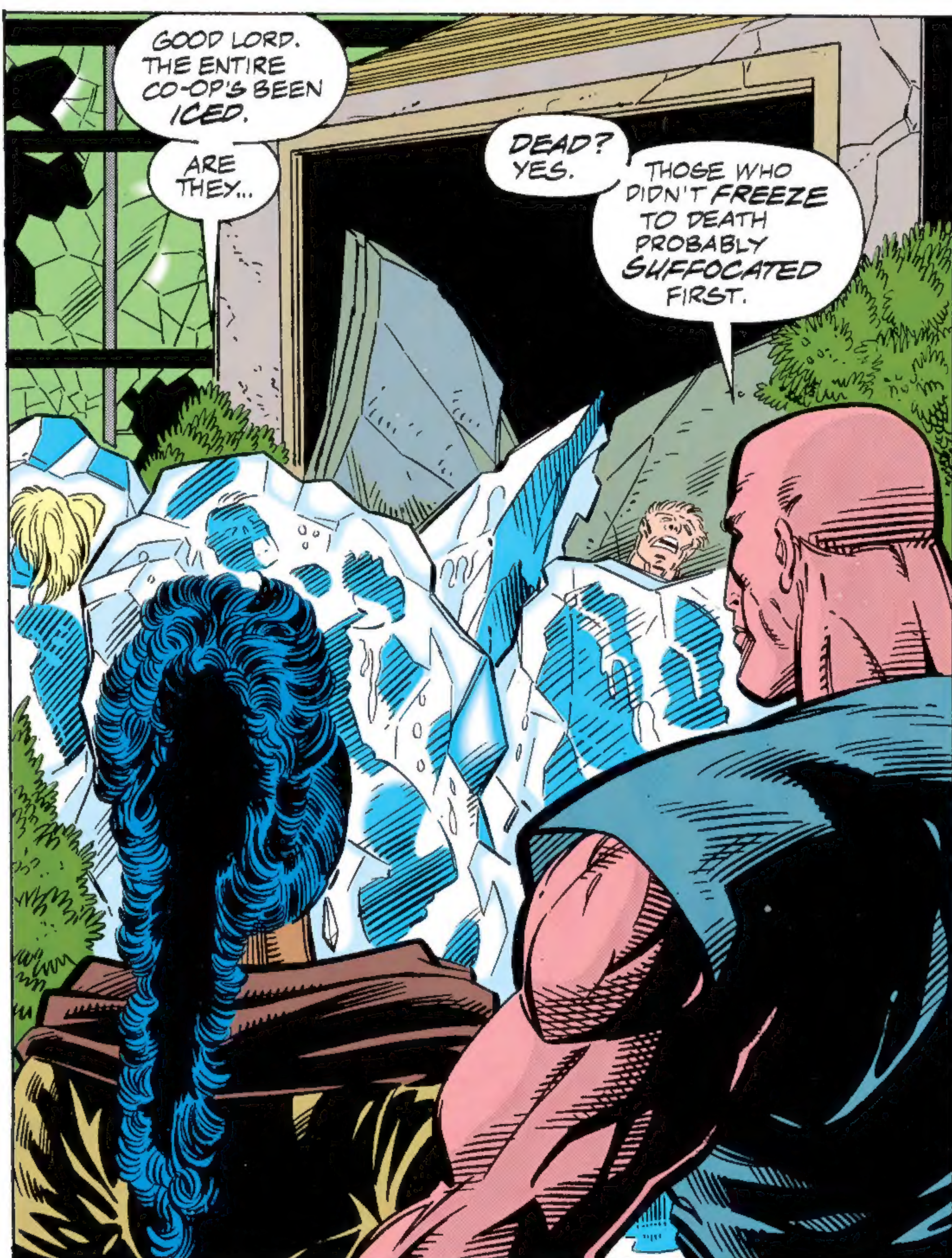
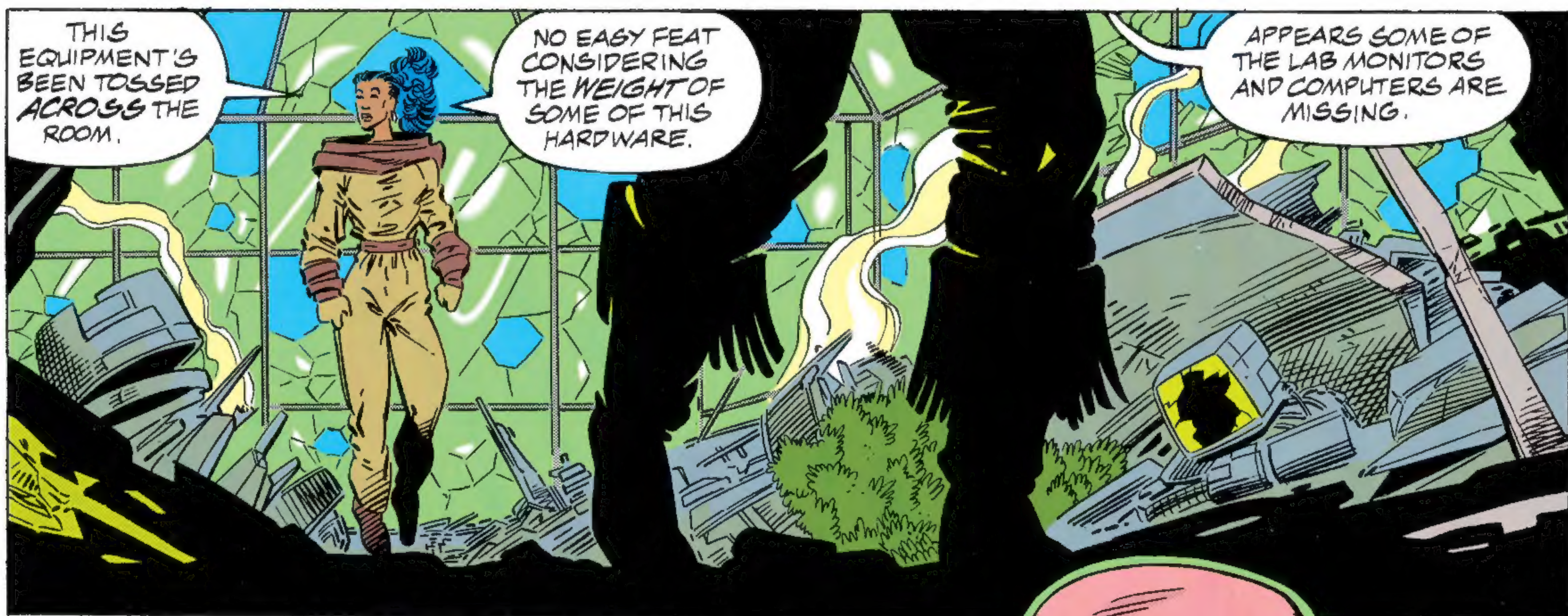
YOU
NEVER
ASKED.

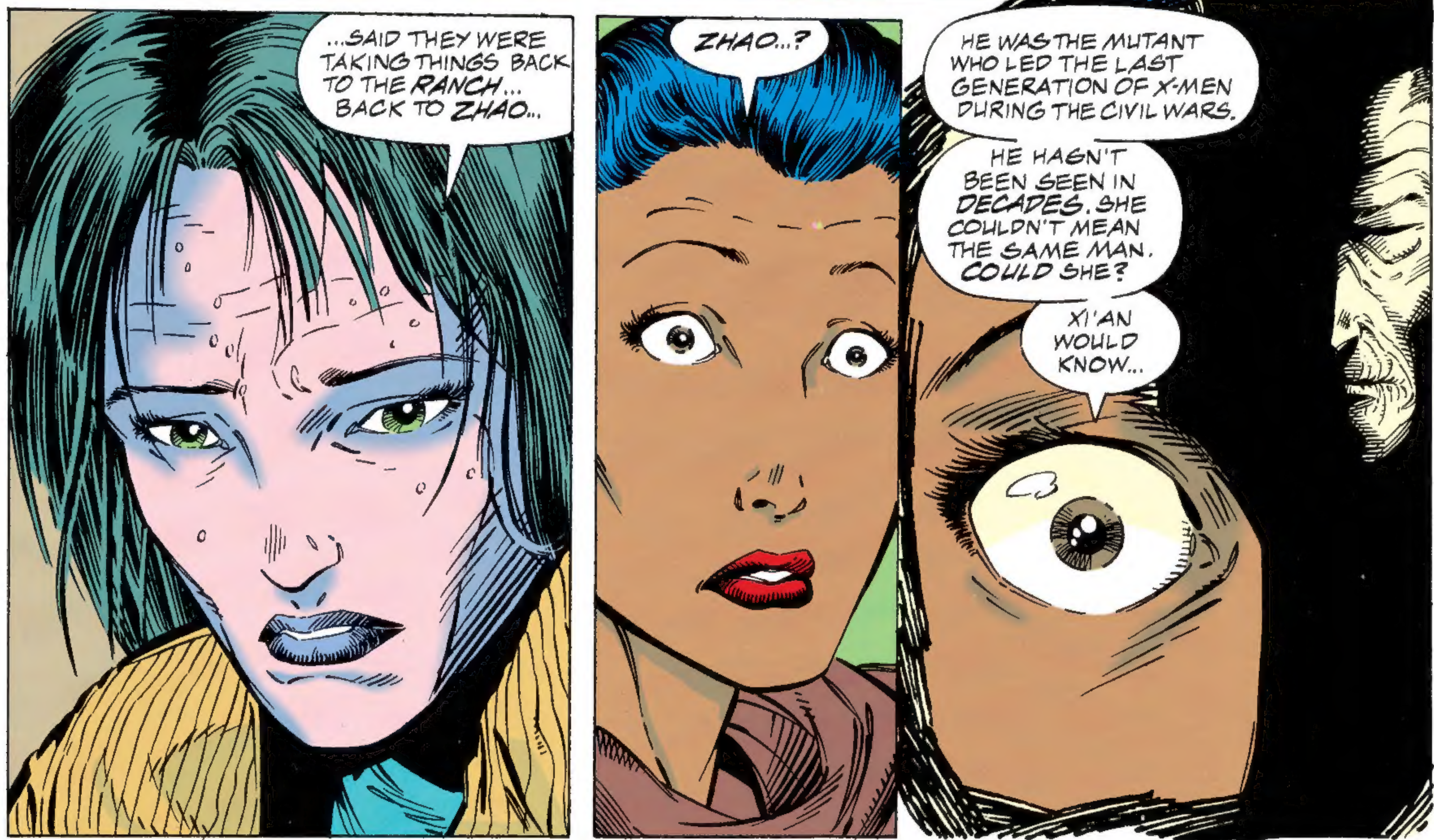
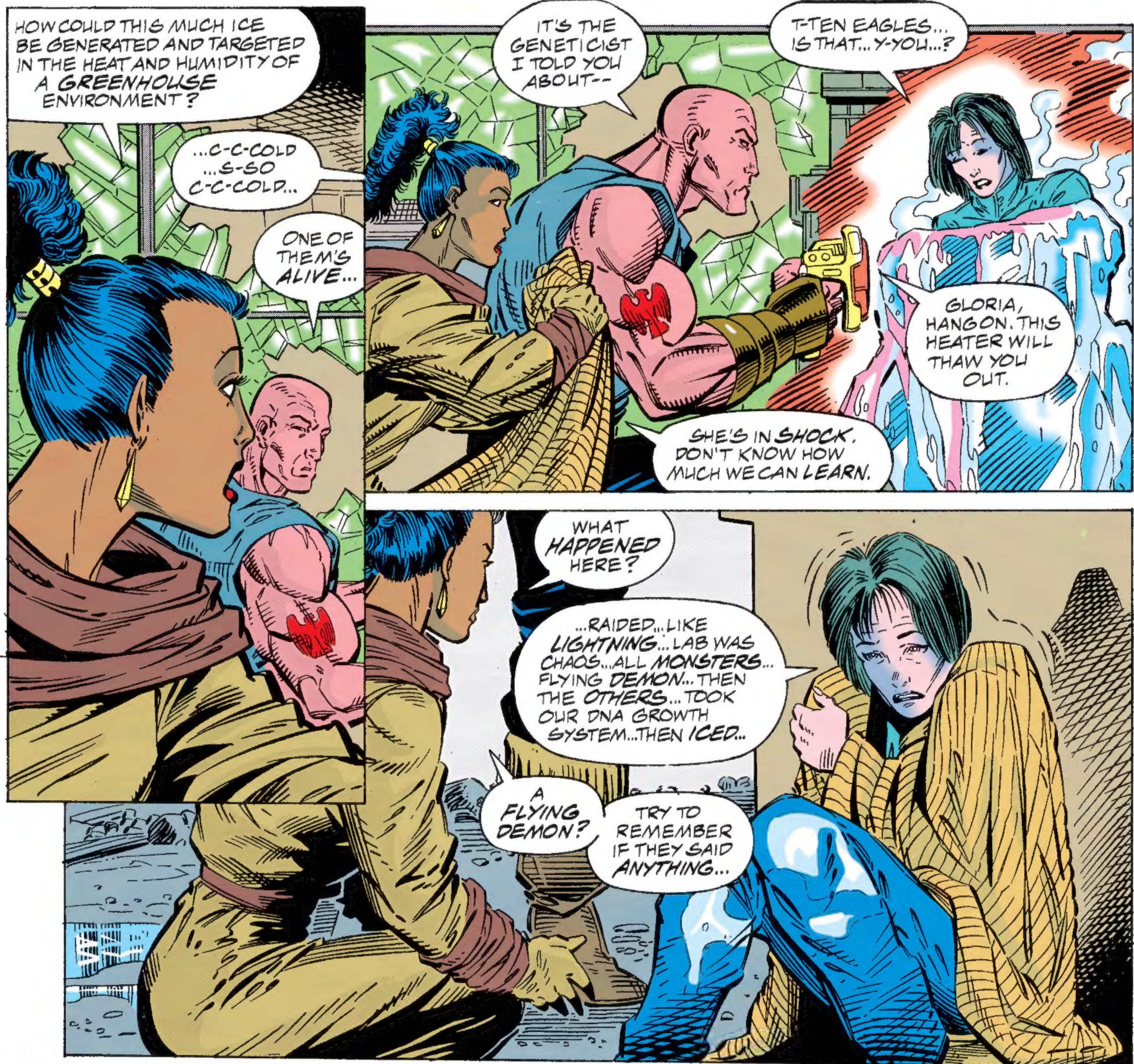
CONVERSATION
WAS NEVER MY
STRONG POINT.

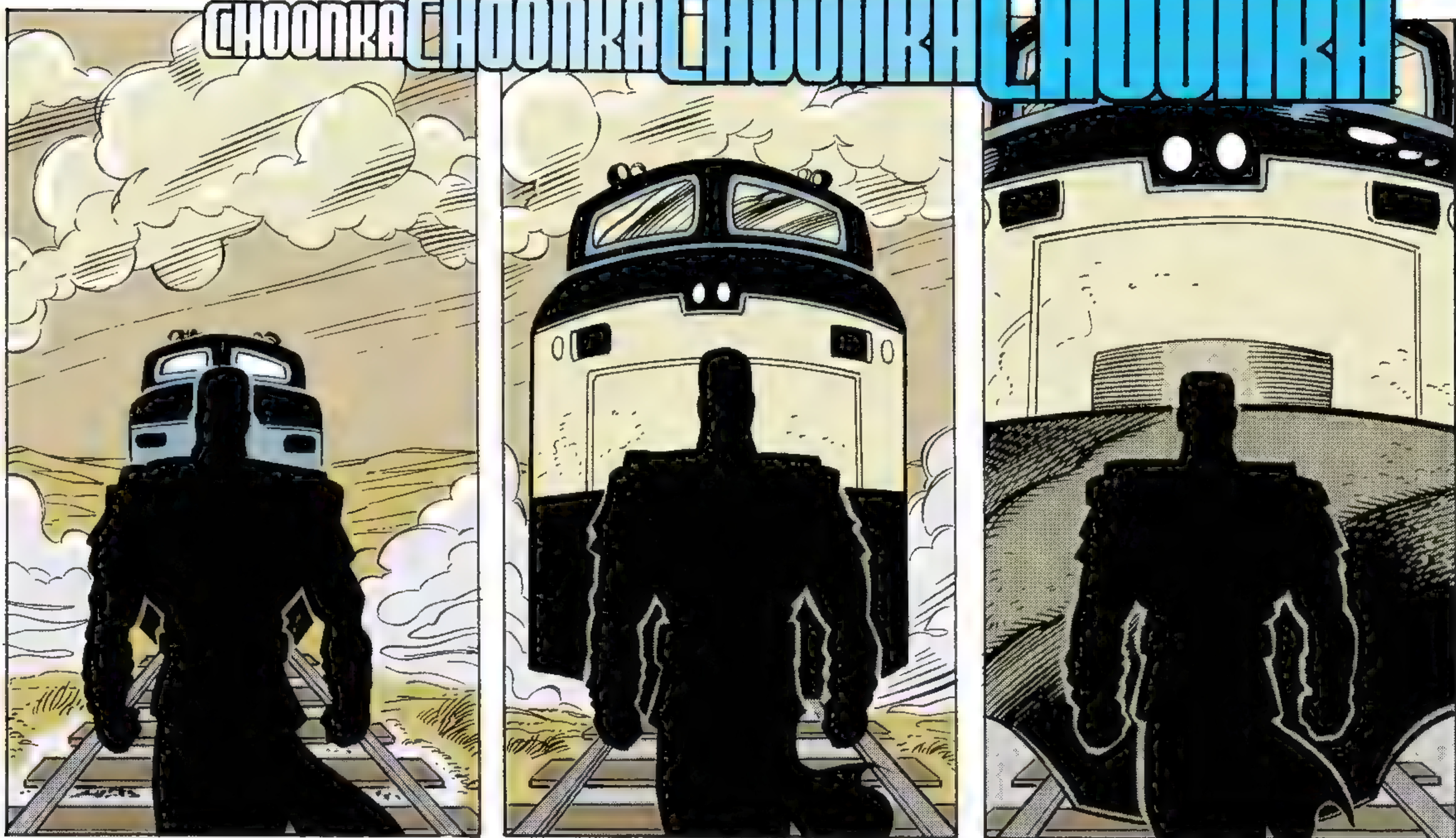
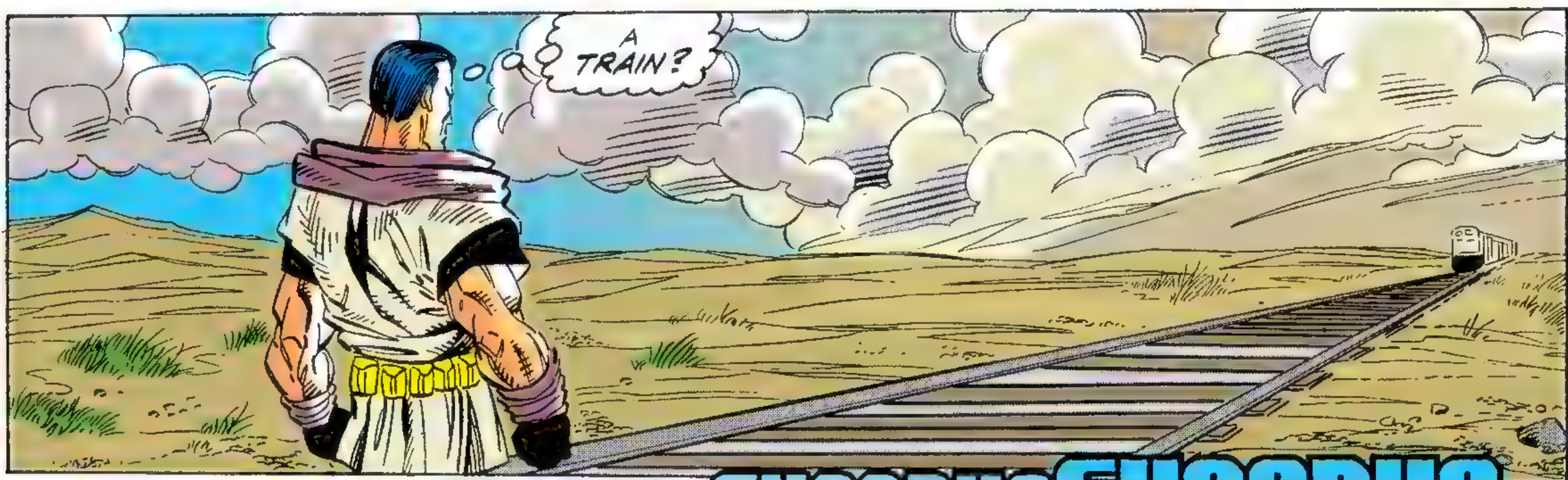
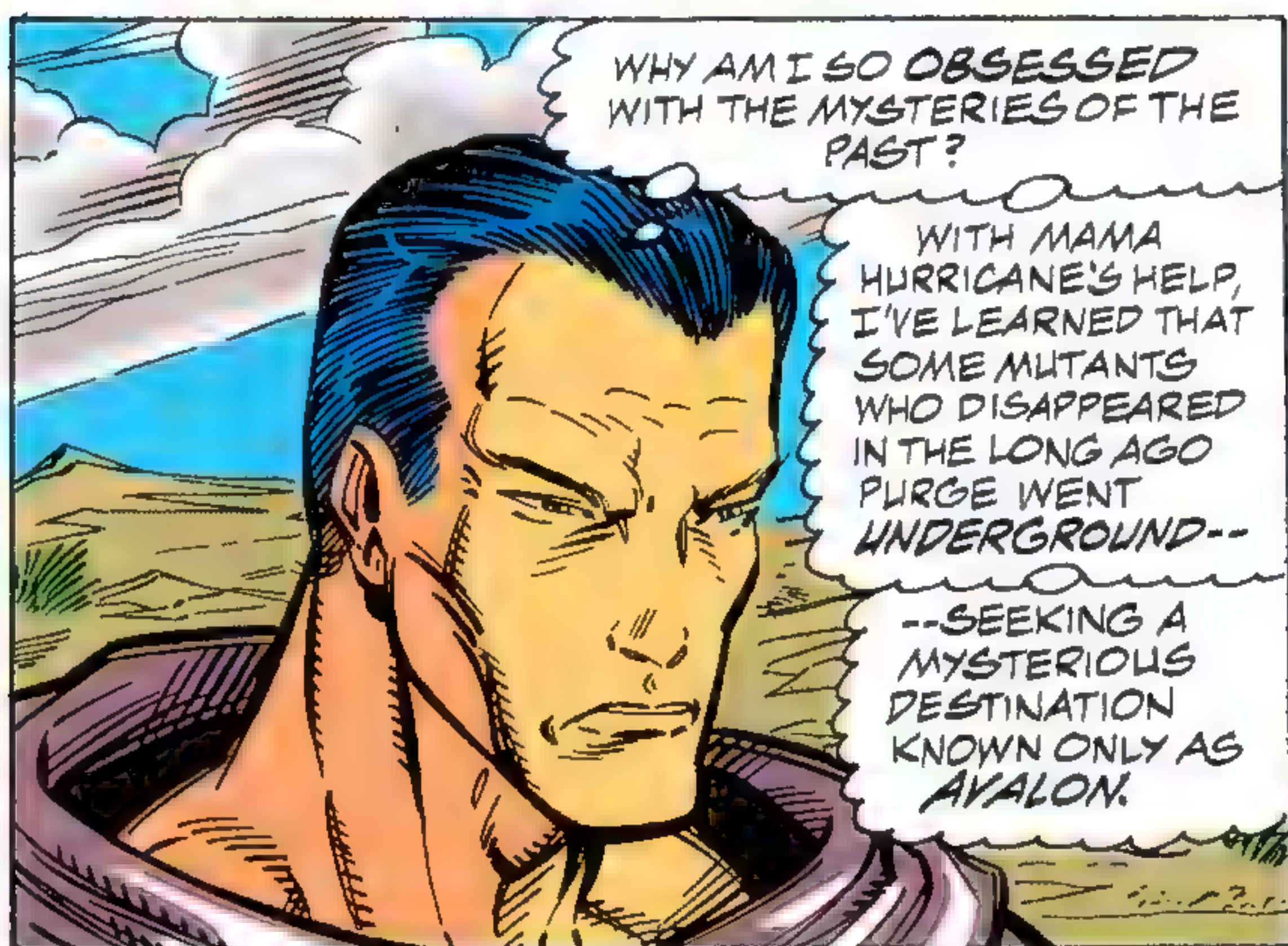


NO SIGN
OF
ANYONE.

SOMETHING
HIT THIS PLACE
HARD AND
FAST.



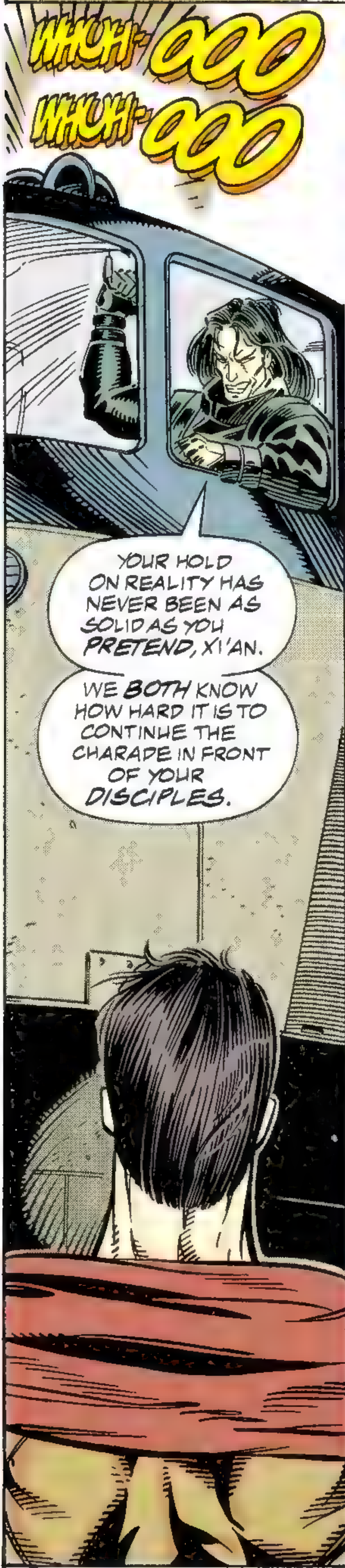






THIS IS NOT REAL.

SCREEEECH



WHICH-ooo
WHICH-ooo

YOUR HOLD ON REALITY HAS NEVER BEEN AS SOLID AS YOU PRETEND, XI'AN.

WE BOTH KNOW HOW HARD IT IS TO CONTINUE THE CHARADE IN FRONT OF YOUR DISCIPLES.

THEY'RE NOT MY DISCIPLES. THEY ARE MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

LEAVE ME ALONE!

CAN'T BURY YOUR PAST THAT EASILY, XI'AN.

YOU MAY HAVE LEFT THE LAWLESS AT THE STATION--

--BUT I'M STILL ON BOARD THE TRAIN.

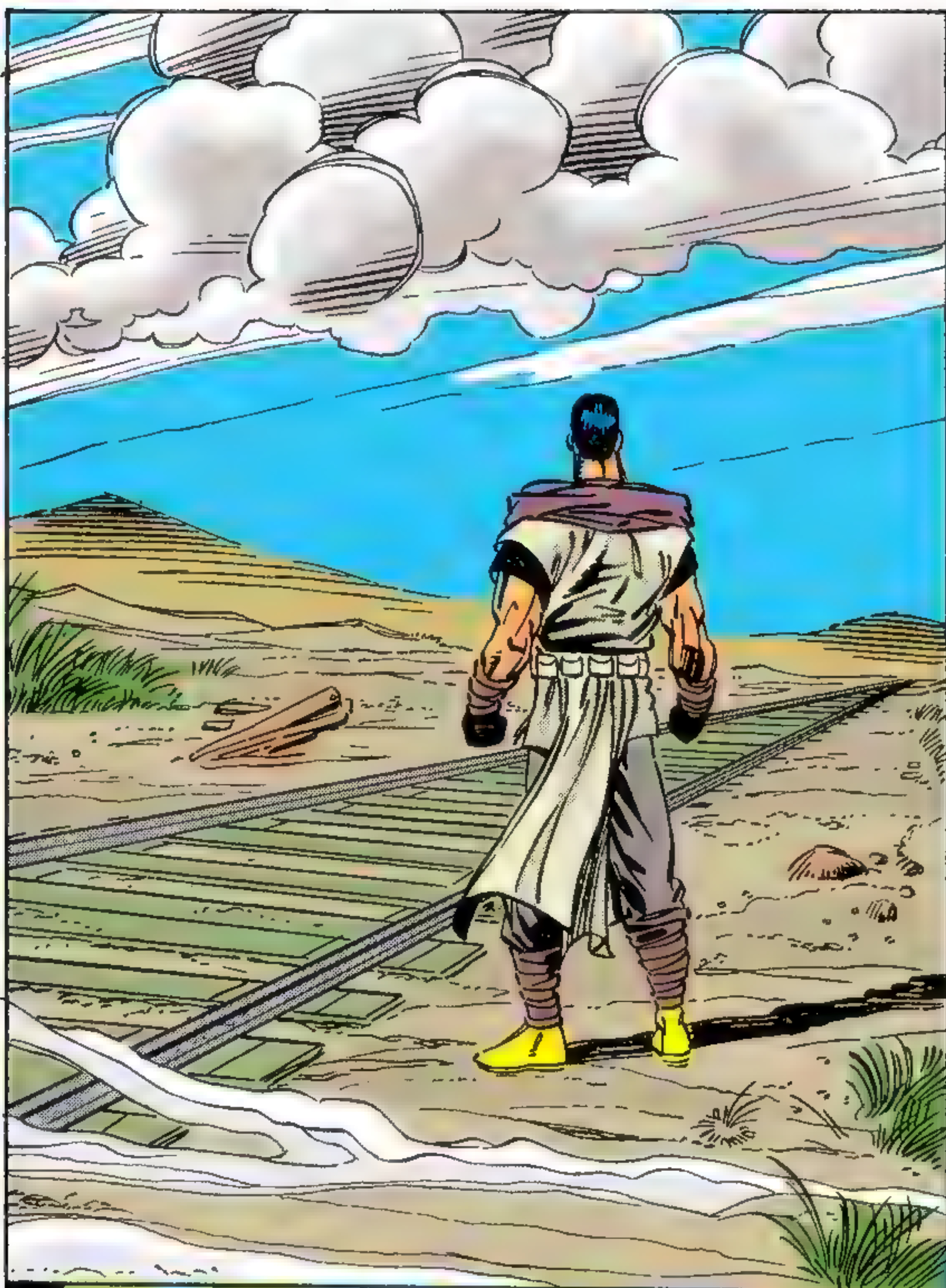
I'M HALLUCINATING.



IF YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT ILLUSION, LOOK AT YOUR CURRENT POSE.

VALIANT LEADER OF OUTCASTS FIGHTING FOR RESPECT AND TOLERANCE.

HAH! I KNOW THE TRUTH--AND SO DO YOU.



YOU LOOK TROUBLED, BUCKY? WANNA TELL MAMA HURRICANE ABOUT IT?

I AM FINE, THANK YOU.

YOU KNOW, THERE'S A LOT OF HEARTACHE AND HURT THAT GOES WITH THE "X" LEGACY.

THE RESPONSIBILITY CAN WEIGH YOU DOWN.



MOTHER HURRICANE, WHILE I APPRECIATE YOUR CONCERN--

--I AM MORE INTERESTED IN YOUR TIME WITH THE MUTANT UNDERGROUND.

TELL ME ABOUT THE DRIVER, THE MAN TO WHOM YOU GUIDED RUNAWAY MUTANTS ESCAPING INTERNMENT.



THE DRIVER MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE FINAL ESCORT LINK BEFORE AVALON, BUT I DON'T KNOW. I NEVER ASKED.

THE LESS WE KNEW ABOUT MUSE* AND EACH OTHER, THE SAFER WE WERE, IN CASE ONE OF US GOT CAUGHT BY THE AUTHORITIES.

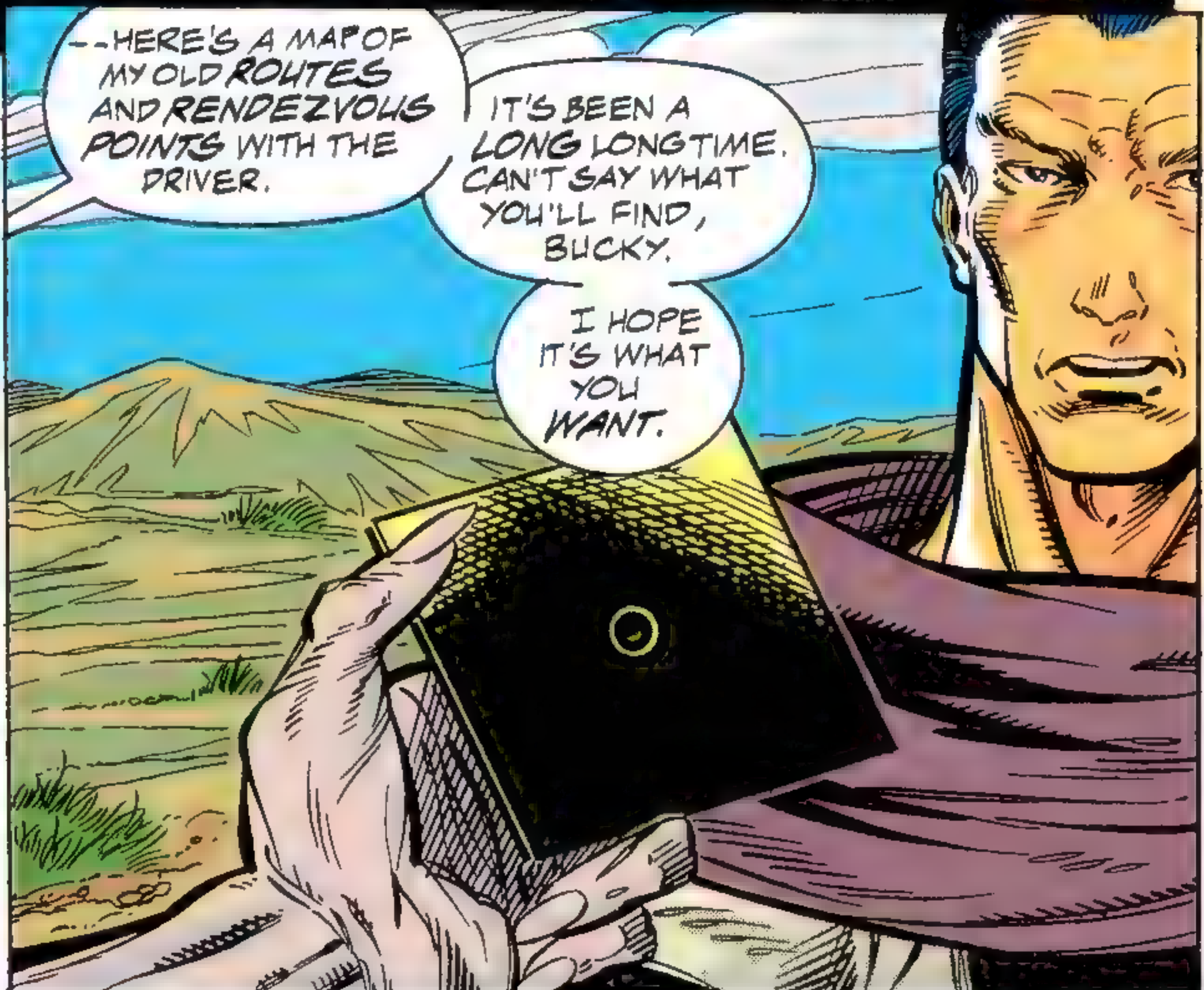
BUT SINCE YOU'VE GOT IT IN YOUR HEAD TO SEARCH FOR AVALON--

*THE MUTANT UNDERGROUND SUPPORT ENGINE.-- JOEY

--HERE'S A MAP OF MY OLD ROUTES AND RENDEZVOUS POINTS WITH THE DRIVER.

IT'S BEEN A LONG LONGTIME. CAN'T SAY WHAT YOU'LL FIND, BUCKY.

I HOPE IT'S WHAT YOU WANT.



I ASKED SHAKTI ABOUT YOU. SHE SAID YOU USED TO BE A MUSICIAN WITH THE...GHETTO CHORALE?

THE ARMAGEDDON CHOIR. I WAS THEIR PERCUSSIONIST. PAST TENSE.

DO YOU STILL PLAY?

NOT MUCH RECENTLY.

ROSA, PLEASE, YOU DON'T HAVE TO FOLLOW ME EVERYWHERE. I DON'T NEED A NURSEMAID...

NO!

IS THAT WHAT I HAVE BECOME?

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?

LIKE IT MATTERS TO ME HOW YOU LOOK?

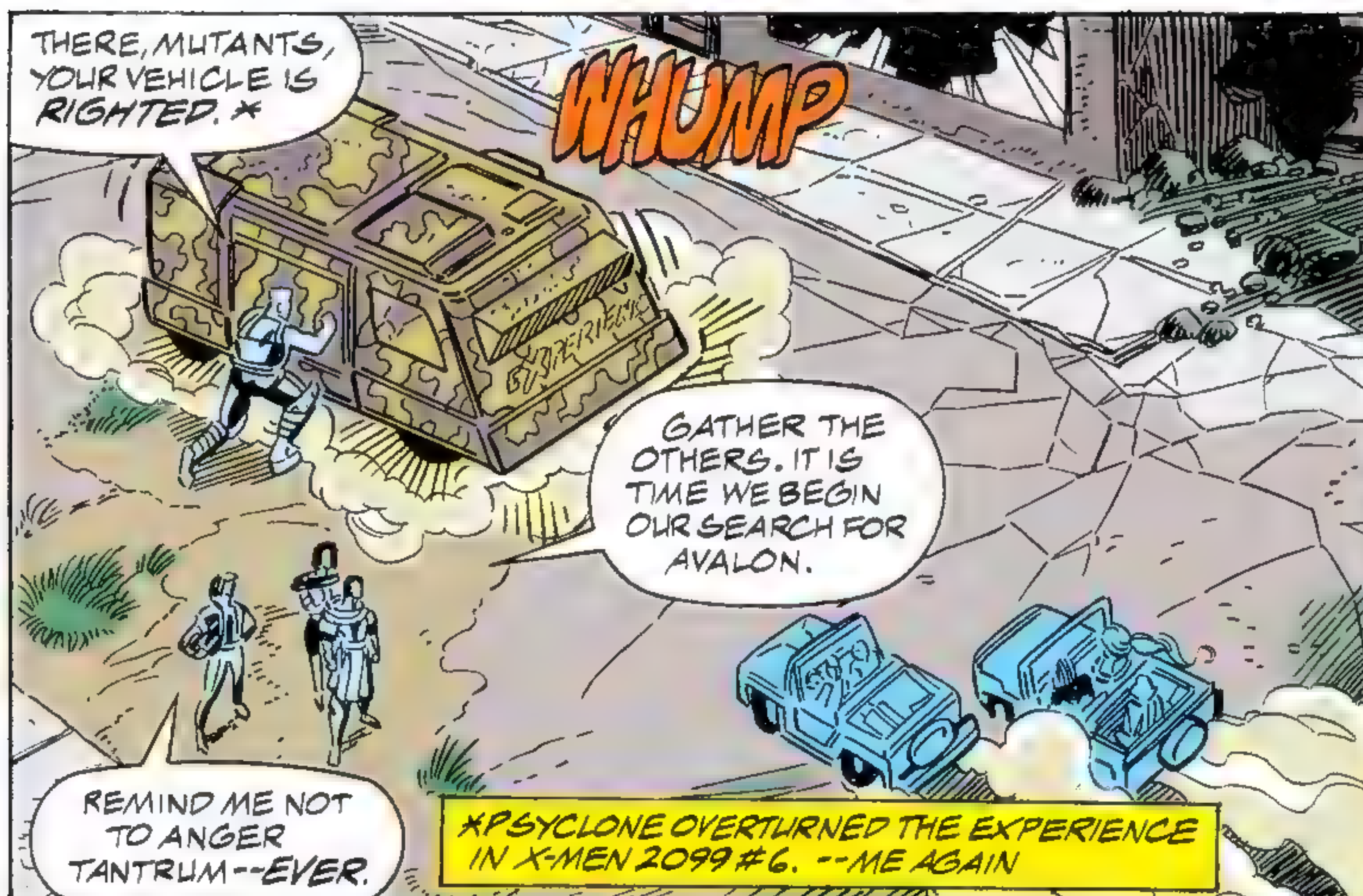
BESIDES, THE FATHER OF MY BABY-- THE ONE SHAKTI'S SURE IS A MUTANT-- WAS BEAUTIFUL.

BUT UNDERNEATH, HE WAS TWISTED.

NORMALLY I'M A BETTER JUDGE OF CHARACTER. LIKE NOW.

AND INSIDE, I CAN TELL, YOU'RE STILL GOLDEN.

SO MAYBE YOU'LL NEVER BE PERFECT AGAIN. IT'S THE FLAWS THAT MAKE PEOPLE INTERESTING.



THERE, MUTANTS, YOUR VEHICLE IS RIGHTED. *

WHUMP

GATHER THE OTHERS. IT IS TIME WE BEGIN OUR SEARCH FOR AVALON.

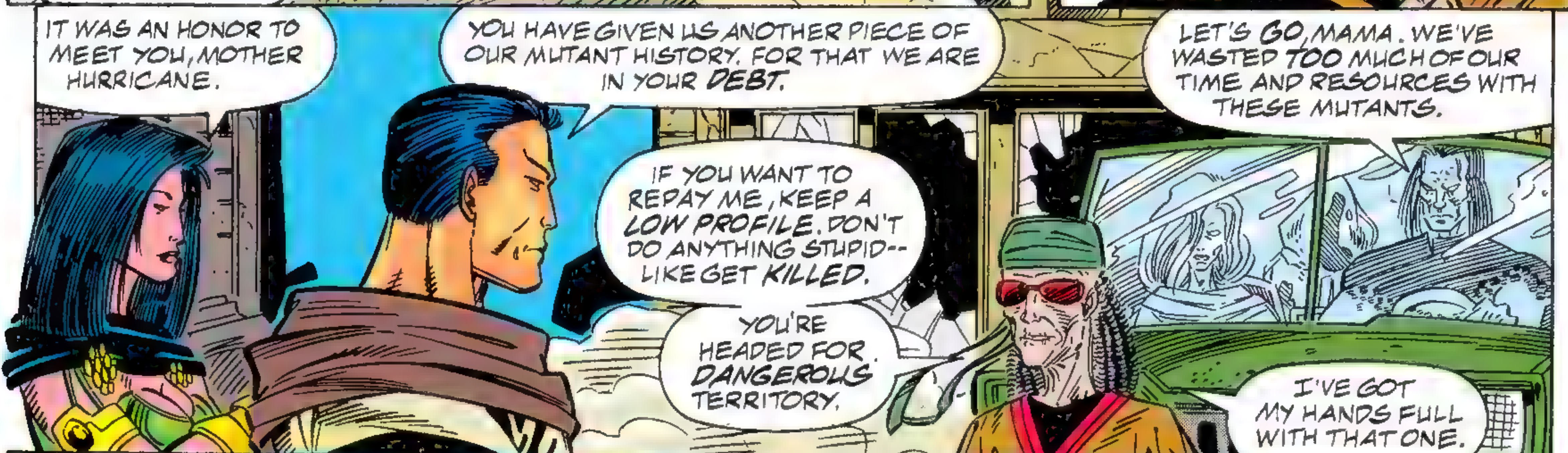
REMAND ME NOT TO ANGER TANTRUM--EVER.

*PSYCLONE OVERTURNED THE EXPERIENCE IN X-MEN 2099 #6. --ME AGAIN



WE'RE OUT OF HERE, BUCKY. WE WERE GATHERING TOO MUCH DUST IN THIS TOWN ANYWAY.

DOMINIC SAYS 'BYE, X-MEN!



IT WAS AN HONOR TO MEET YOU, MOTHER HURRICANE.

YOU HAVE GIVEN US ANOTHER PIECE OF OUR MUTANT HISTORY. FOR THAT WE ARE IN YOUR DEBT.

LET'S GO, MAMA. WE'VE WASTED TOO MUCH OF OUR TIME AND RESOURCES WITH THESE MUTANTS.

IF YOU WANT REPAY ME, KEEP A LOW PROFILE. DON'T DO ANYTHING STUPID-- LIKE GET KILLED.

YOU'RE HEADED FOR DANGEROUS TERRITORY.

I'VE GOT MY HANDS FULL WITH THAT ONE.



YO, EDDIE, TIME TO GO!

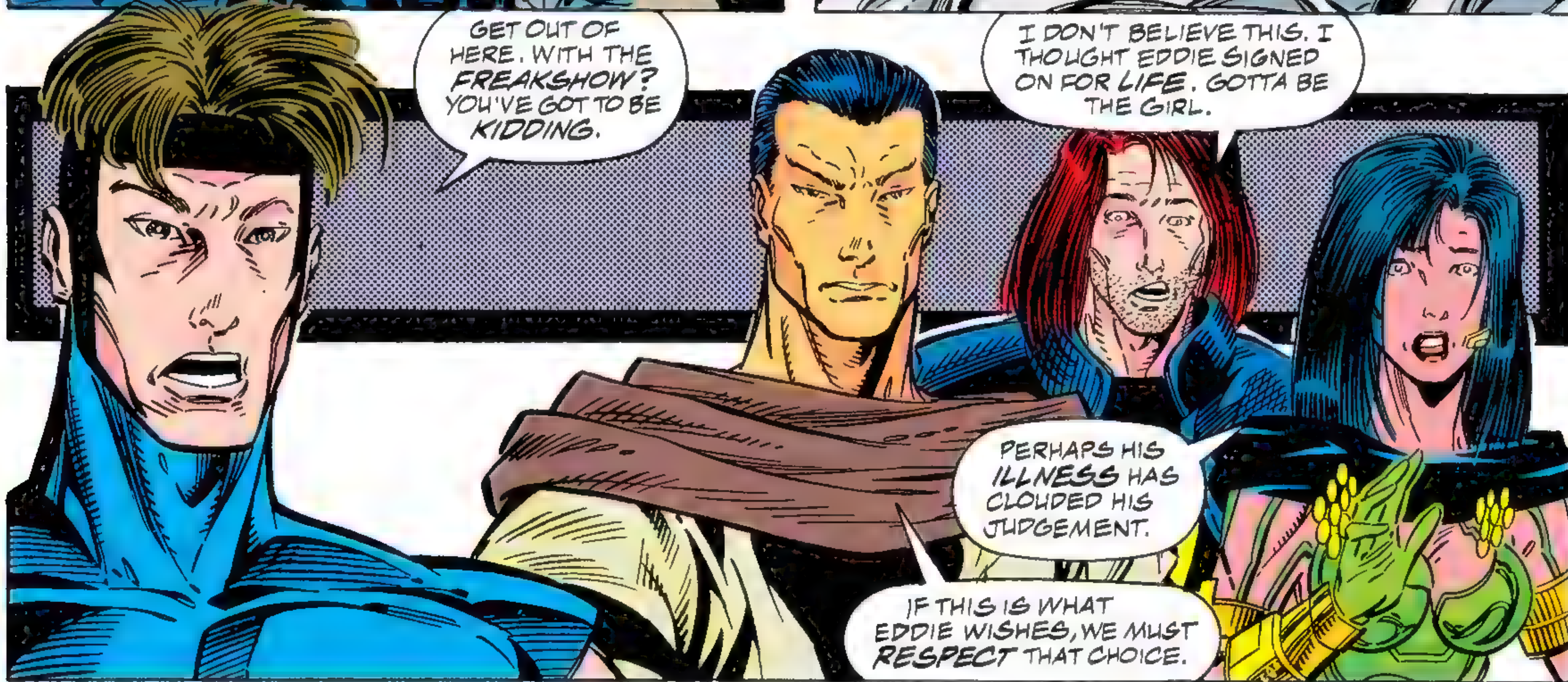
ARE YOU CERTAIN, EDDIE?

YES, I THINK SO.



FRIENDS, ROSA HAS INVITED ME TO REMAIN WITH THE FREAKSHOW--

--AND RIGHT NOW I THINK I WOULD BE A LIABILITY TO YOU.



GET OUT OF HERE. WITH THE FREAKSHOW? YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING.

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS. I THOUGHT EDDIE SIGNED ON FOR LIFE. GOTTA BE THE GIRL.

PERHAPS HIS ILLNESS HAS CLOUDED HIS JUDGEMENT.

IF THIS IS WHAT EDDIE WISHES, WE MUST RESPECT THAT CHOICE.

THE SANGRE DE CRISTO MOUNTAINS.

MORE THAN YOU BARGAINED FOR, KRYSTALIN?

YOU COULD SAY THAT. XI'AN SENT ME HERE TO VERIFY YOUR ANGEL SIGHTING--

--NOT TO RAID A RANCH HOUSE HUNTING A FLYING HOMICIDAL MANIAC AND HIS EQUALLY LETHAL FRIENDS.

COUNTING THE LASER CUTS, THE ICE, AND OUR WINGED FRIEND--

-- WE'VE SEEN EVIDENCE THAT SUGGESTS WE MAY ENCOUNTER MORE THAN ONE X-MAN SHADOW.

MAYBE -- EITHER WAY I'M PREPARED FOR WHOEVER-- WHATEVER-- WE FIND.

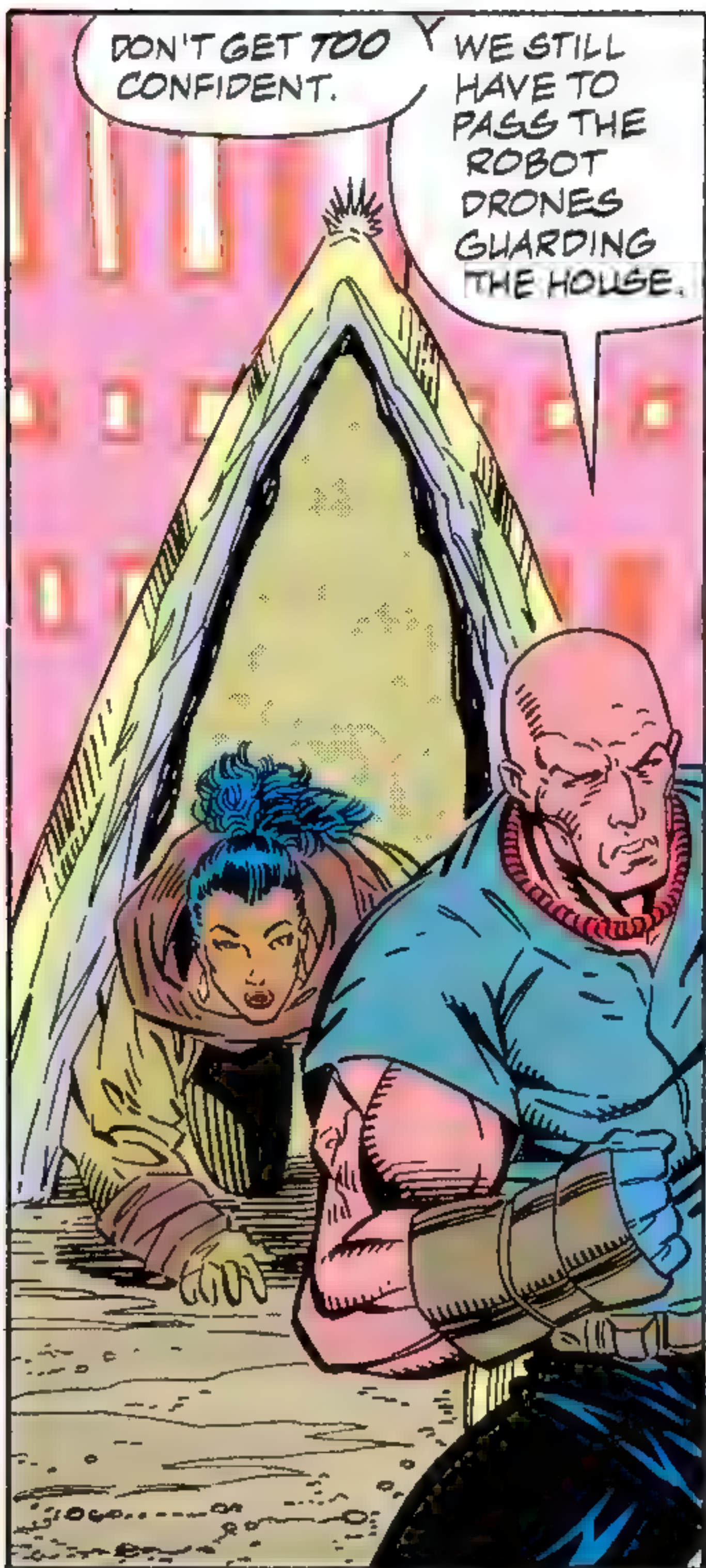
A WRIST MOUNTED IMPULSE CANNON? YOU CAN DO SOME SERIOUS DAMAGE WITH ONE OF THOSE.

AFTER WHAT WE SAW AT THE MAGNOLIA CO-OP, I MAY HAVE TO.

UNLESS YOU WANNA HIGH JUMP THE LASER FENCE, WE NEED TO SET UP A MIRRORRED DEFLECTION GRID TO GET THROUGH.

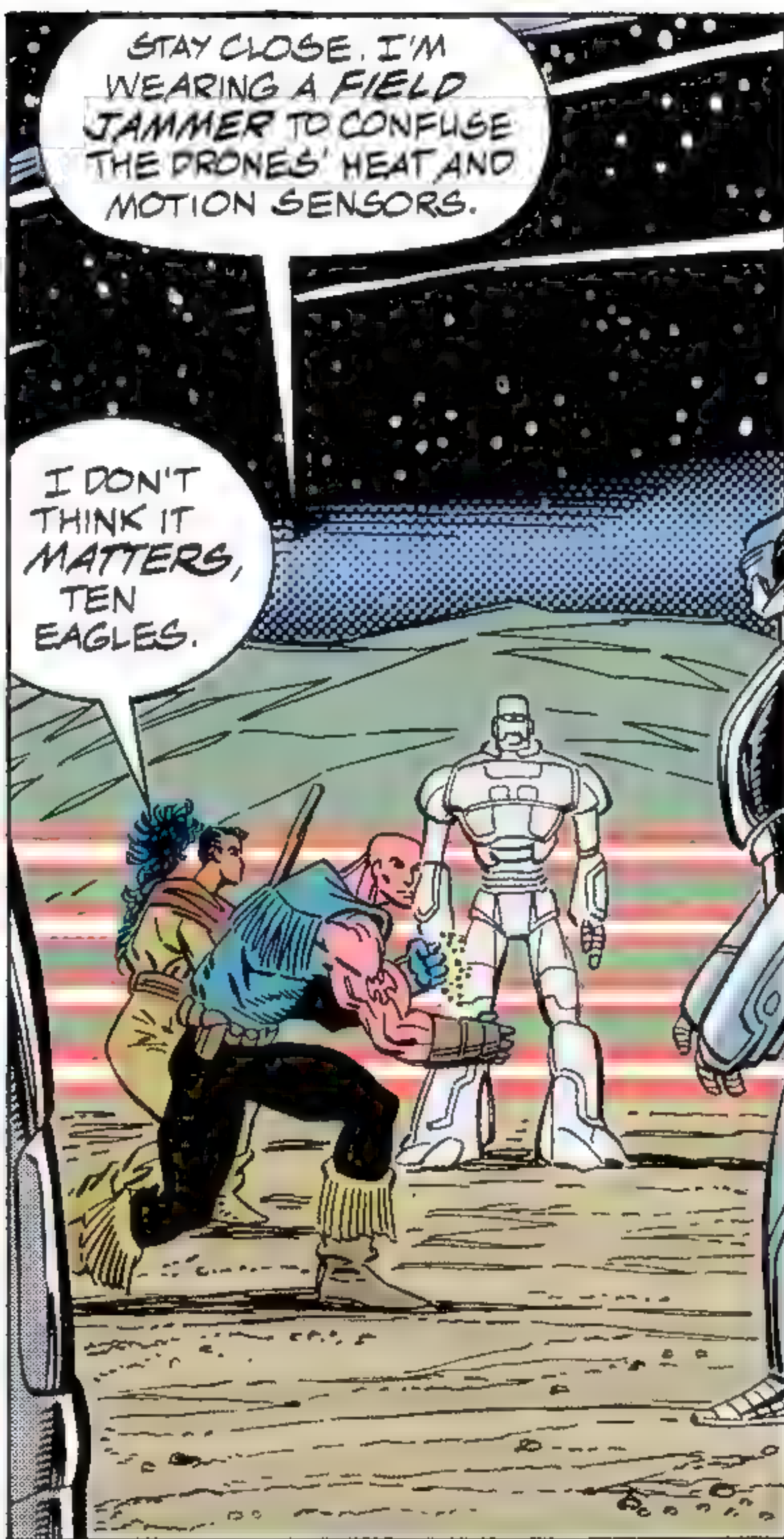
NOT A PROBLEM.

I CAN ALTER THE LASERS WITH AN ULTRA-POLISHED CRYSTAL SURFACE.



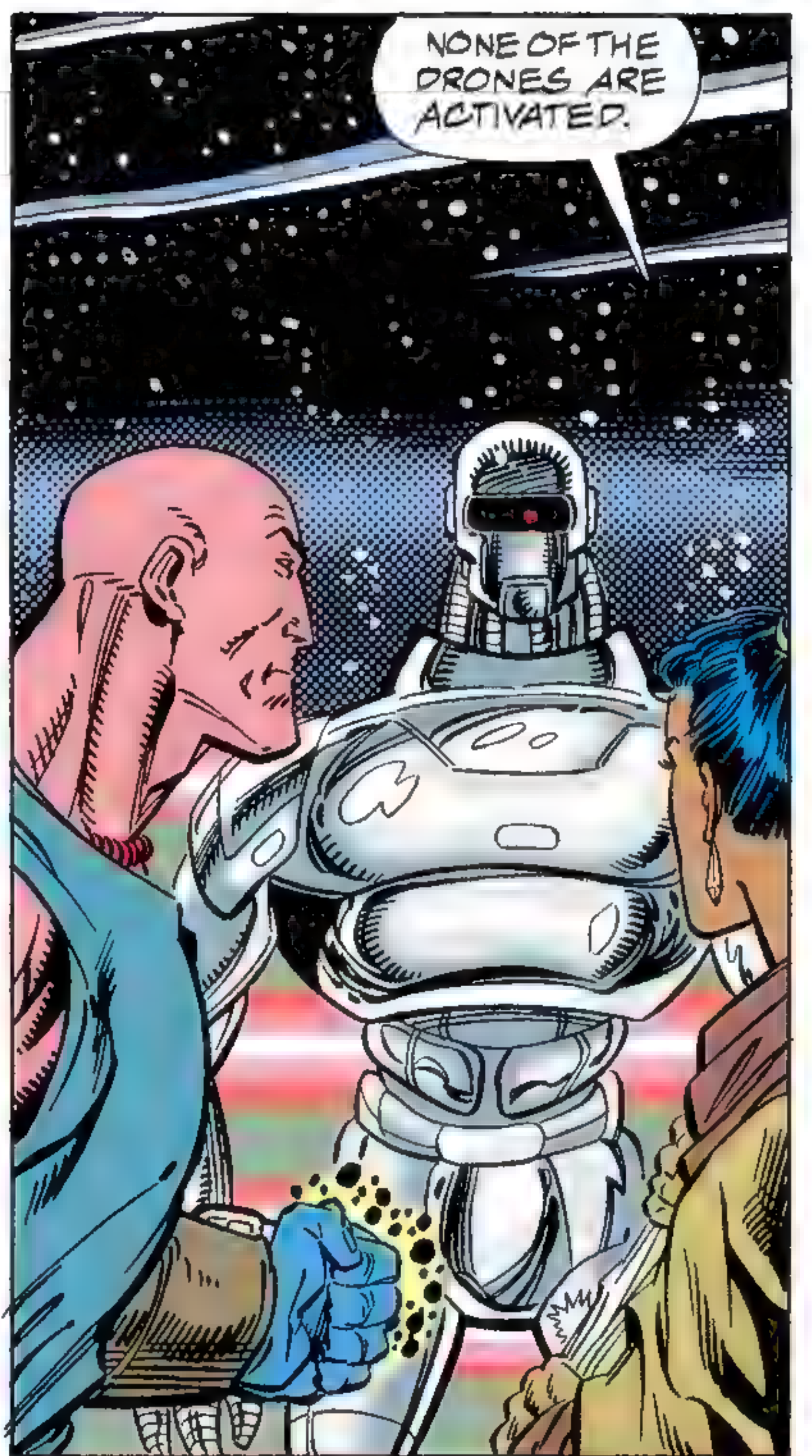
DON'T GET TOO CONFIDENT.

WE STILL HAVE TO PASS THE ROBOT DRONES GUARDING THE HOUSE.



STAY CLOSE. I'M WEARING A FIELD JAMMER TO CONFUSE THE DRONES' HEAT AND MOTION SENSORS.

I DON'T THINK IT MATTERS, TEN EAGLES.



NONE OF THE DRONES ARE ACTIVATED.

NO WONDER. HALF ITS BOARD IS CORRODED.

DO YOU THINK THEY'VE ABANDONED THE RANCH?



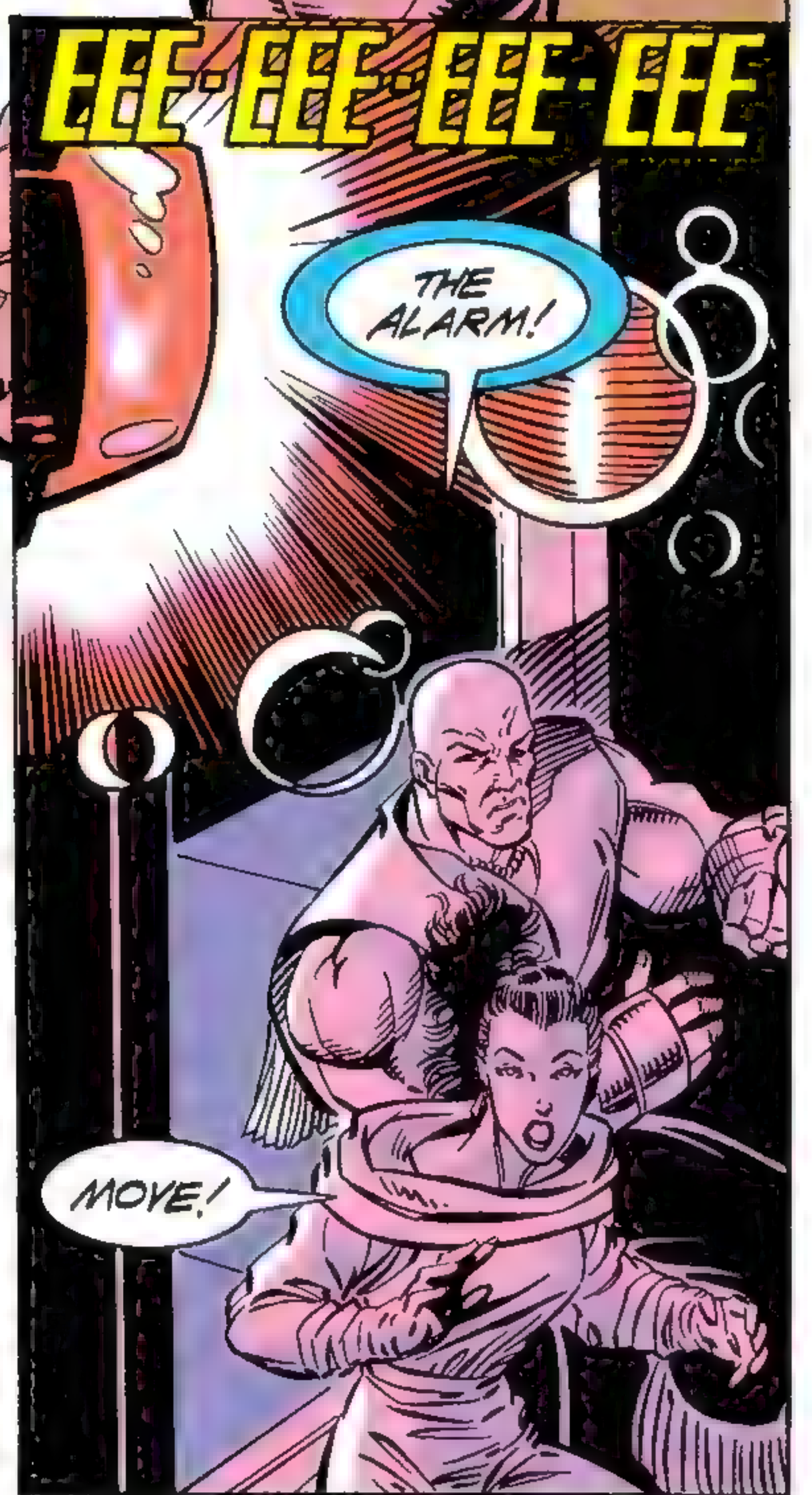
NO, THE HEAT TRAILS WE FOLLOWED FROM THE CO-OP TO HERE WERE OVEN FRESH.

OR THEY AREN'T WORRIED ABOUT TRESPASSERS POSING A THREAT.



POWER'S OUT.

I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING.



EEE-EEE-EEE-EEE

THE ALARM!

MOVE!

ONLY PLACE
YOU'RE GOIN'
IS STRAIGHT
INTO THE
GROUND.

WE'VE
FOUND THE
"ANGEL" WE
SOUGHT...

--AND
FOUR MORE
FRIENDLY
FACES.

NO ANGELS
IN HERE,
FLATSCAN.

ONLY THE
MASTER'S
CHOSEN
X-MEN.

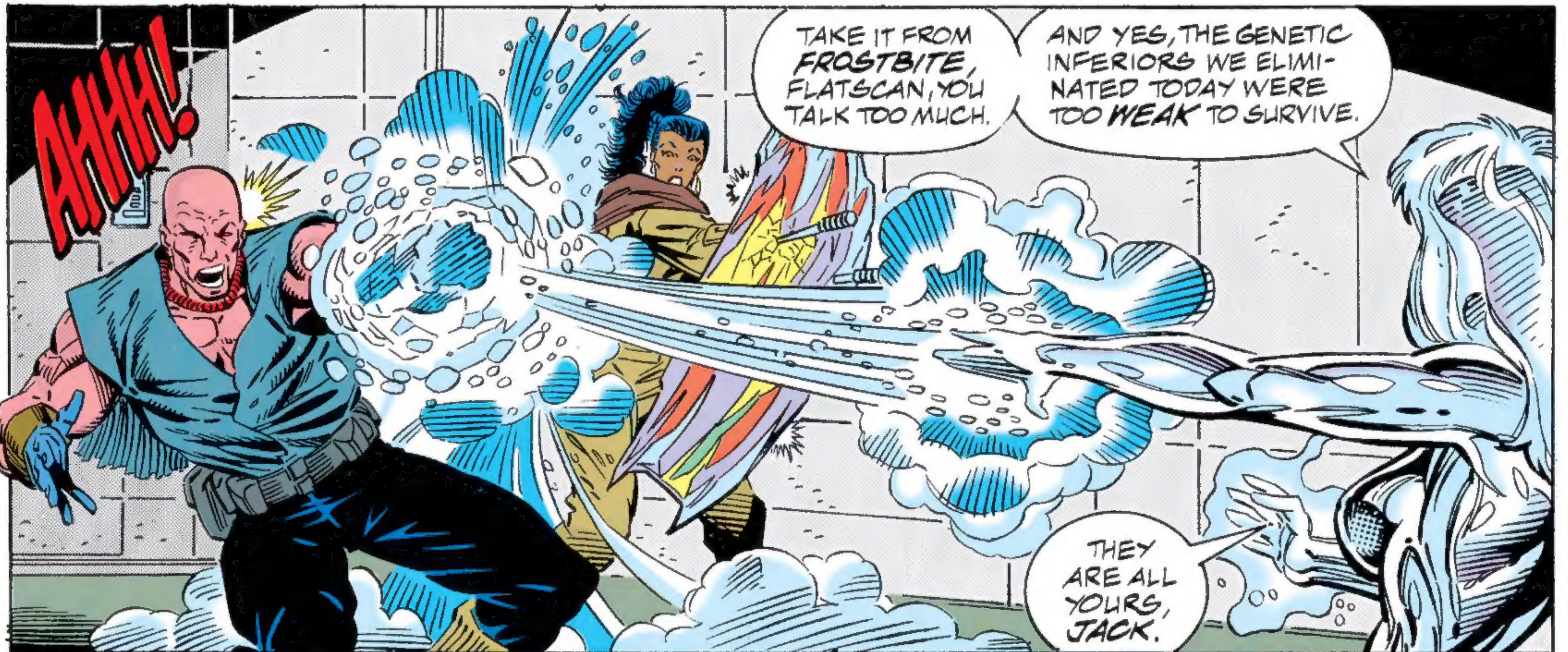
GRRRRR

YOU HEARD
WINGSPAN,
TRESPASSER.
WE ARE THE
CHOSEN OF
TOMORROW--

--A DAY YOU
WILL NOT LIVE
TO SEE.

X-MEN!!?

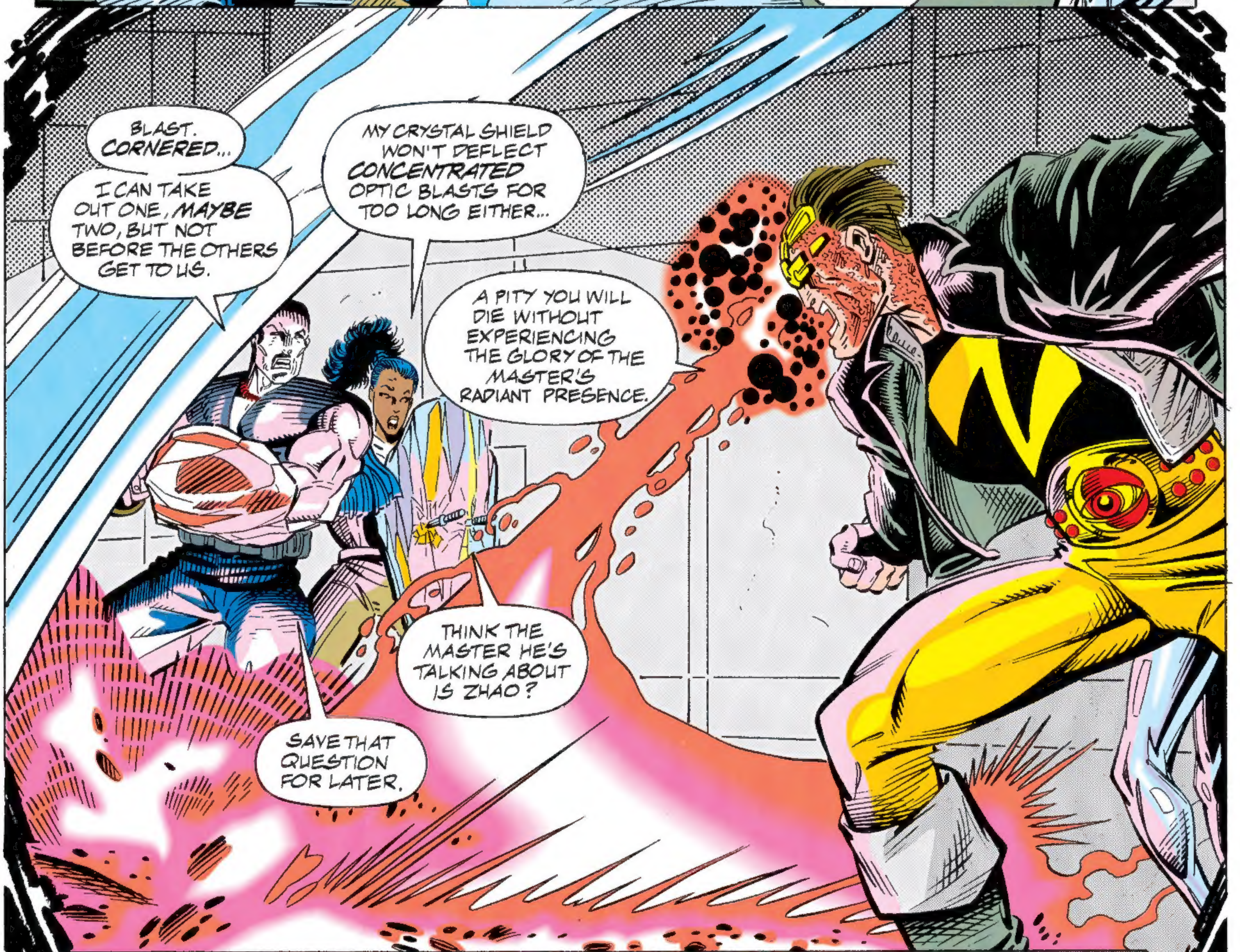




TAKE IT FROM
FROSTBITE,
FLATSCAN, YOU
TALK TOO MUCH.

AND YES, THE GENETIC
INFERIORS WE ELIMI-
NATED TODAY WERE
TOO **WEAK** TO SURVIVE.

THEY
ARE ALL
YOURS,
JACK.



BLAST.
CORNERED...

I CAN TAKE
OUT ONE, **MAYBE**
TWO, BUT NOT
BEFORE THE OTHERS
GET TO US.

MY CRYSTAL SHIELD
WON'T DEFLECT
CONCENTRATED
OPTIC BLASTS FOR
TOO LONG EITHER...

A PITY YOU WILL
DIE WITHOUT
EXPERIENCING
THE GLORY OF THE
MASTER'S
RADIANT PRESENCE.

THINK THE
MASTER HE'S
TALKING ABOUT
IS **ZHAO**?

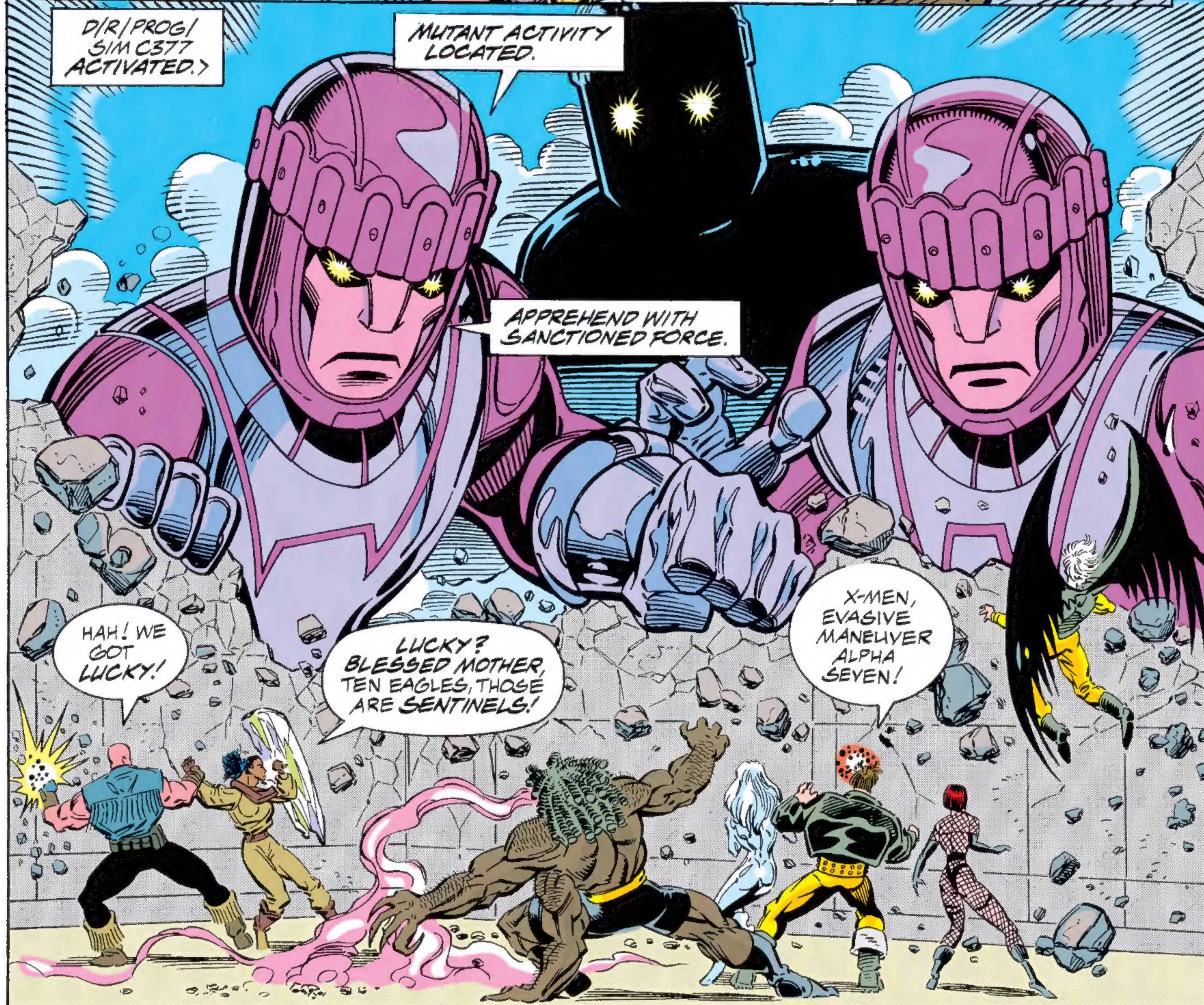
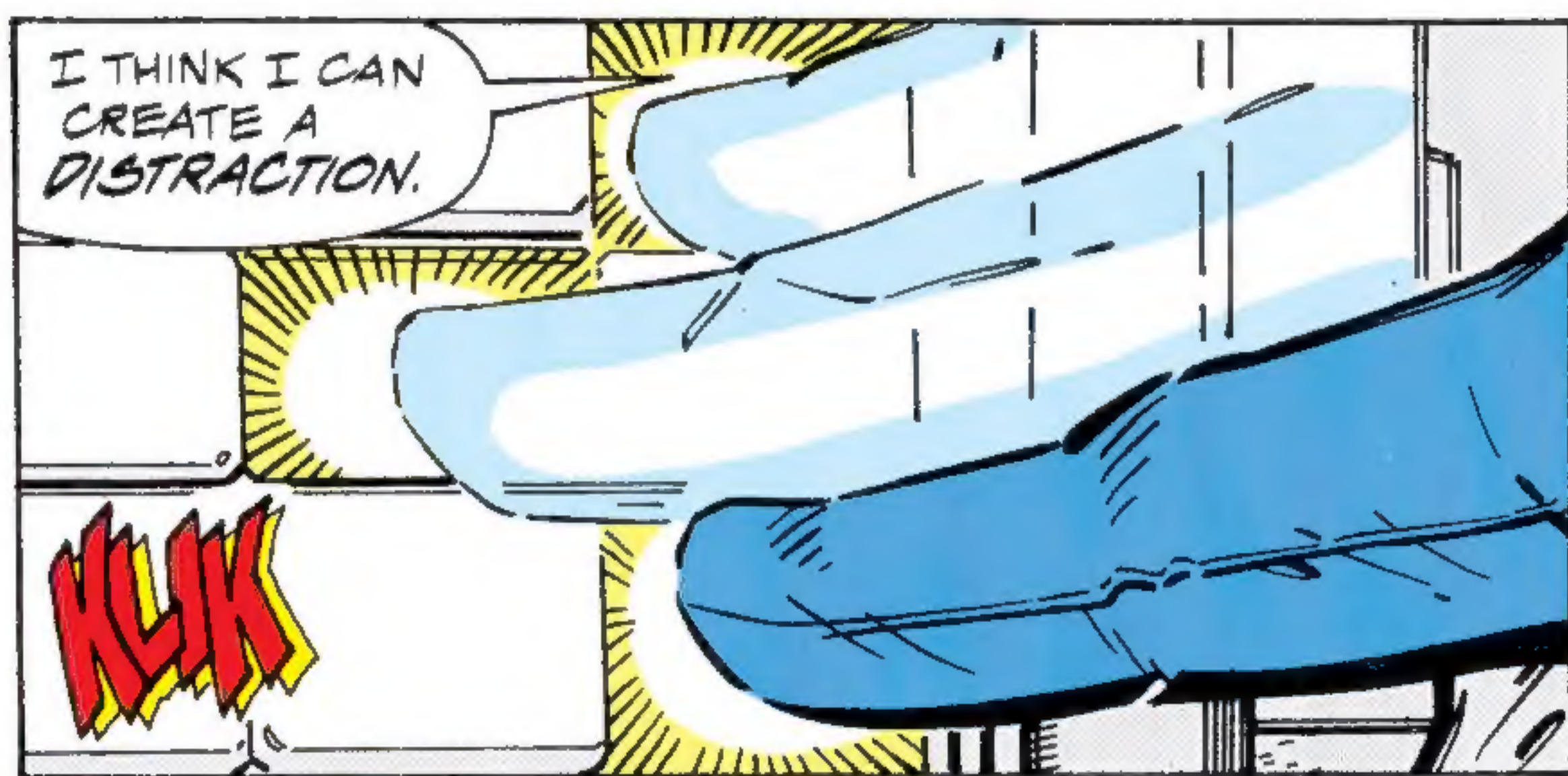
SAVE THAT
QUESTION
FOR LATER.

OUR **IMMEDIATE**
PRIORITY IS GETTING
OUT OF HERE WITHOUT
BEING FROZEN SOLID
OR SPLIT IN TWO FROM
AN OPTIC BEAM.

ANY
IDEAS
HOW?

MAYBE...



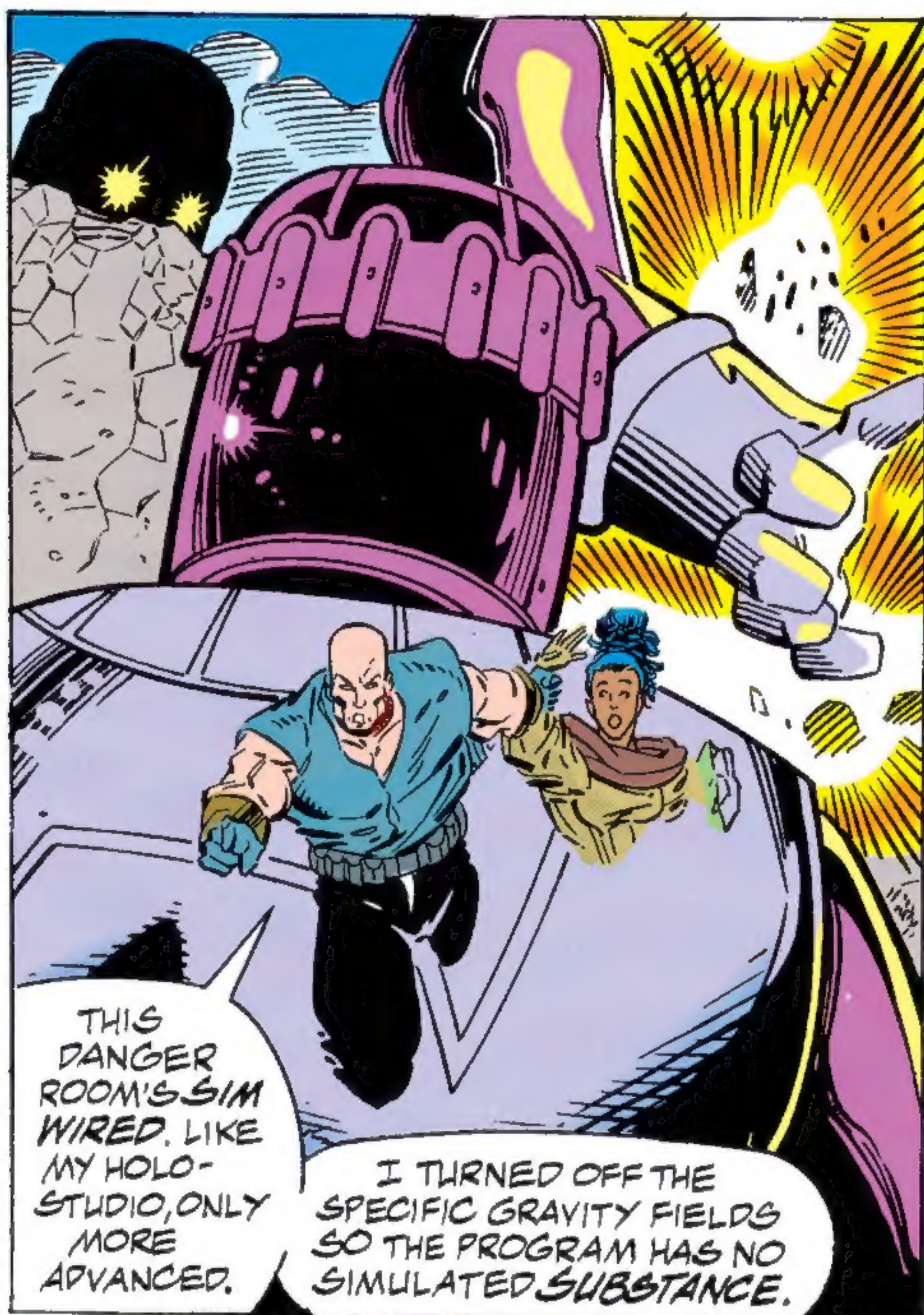




HALT,
MUTANT.

I KNOW. I DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT SORT OF PROGRAM I
CALLED UP. WE COULD HAVE
GOTTEN A PASTORAL
SCENE.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND...



THIS
DANGER
ROOM'S SIM
WIRED. LIKE
MY HOLO-
STUDIO, ONLY
MORE
ADVANCED.

I TURNED OFF THE
SPECIFIC GRAVITY FIELDS
SO THE PROGRAM HAS NO
SIMULATED SUBSTANCE.



I HOPE THESE KNOCKOFFS ARE
TOO STUPID TO REALIZE THAT
I'M JUST RUNNING VISUAL AND
AUDIO.

IF WE CAN REACH
THE RANCH
PERIMETER, I
KNOW WE CAN
LOSE THEM IN
THE MOUNTAINS.

WHAT
ABOUT THE
MASTER
THEY KEPT
REFERRING
TO?



WE'LL DEAL
WITH THAT
IF WE RUN
INTO--

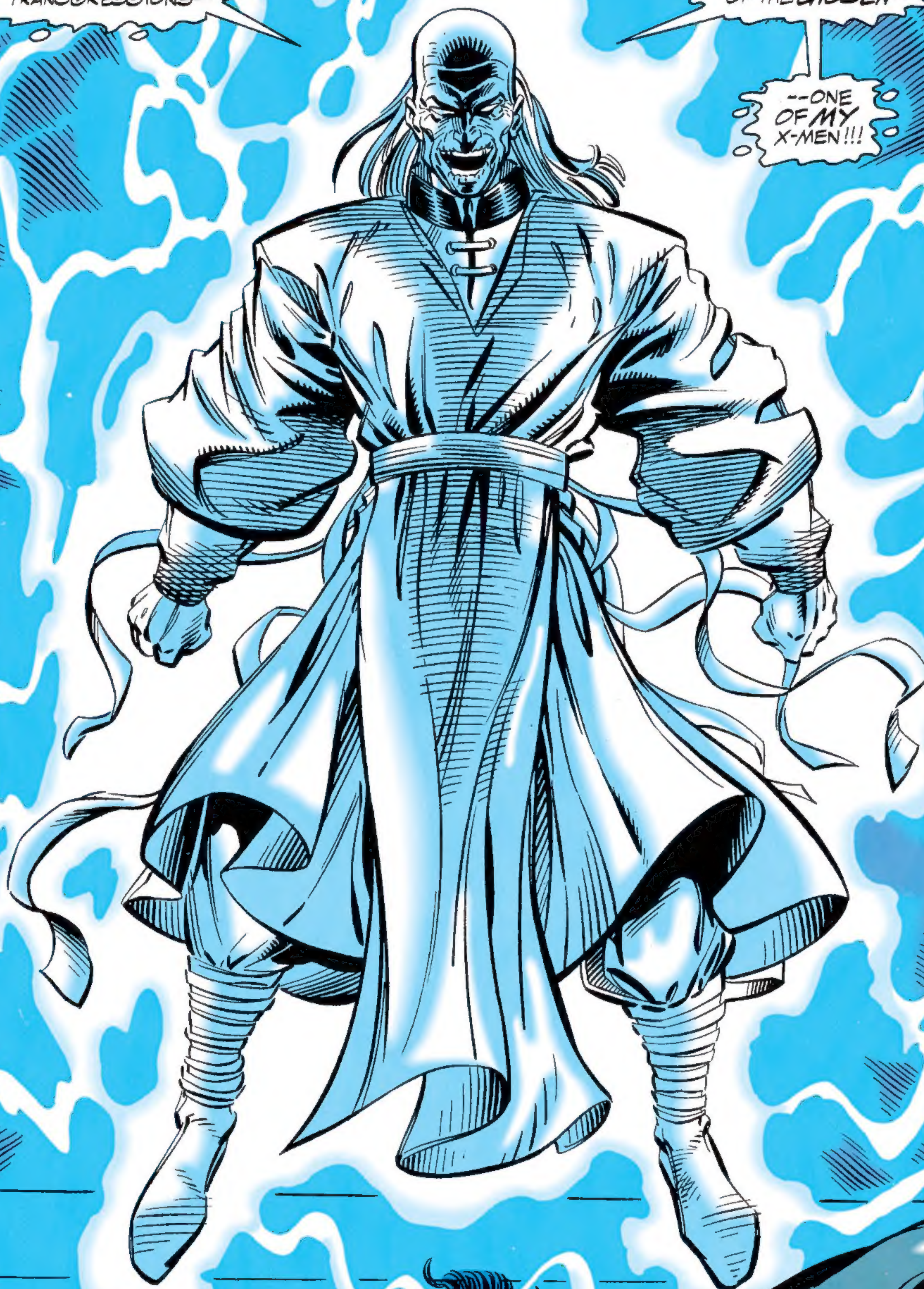


YOU
ALREADY
HAVE, MY
ERRANT
CHILDREN.

MASTER ZHAO
GENEROUSLY
FORGIVES YOUR
TRESPASSES AND
TRANSGRESSIONS--

--FOR YOU ARE
TO BECOME ONE
OF THE CHOSEN--

--ONE
OF MY
X-MEN!!!



TO BE CONTINUED